















THE CORAL GIFT.



John Power

Wm. H. Linn

Long  
Linn  
Miss



Illustrated by J. M. W. Turner

Painted by J. M. W. Turner

THE BRITISH MUSEUM

THE

# CORAL GIFT;

OR,

## The Towers of the Deep.

IN FOUR CANTOS.

BY

EDWARD A. McLAUGHLIN.

33

NEW-YORK :

J. C. RIKER, 129 FULTON-STREET.

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TO

NICHOLAS LONGWORTH, Esq.,

OF BELLEMONTE HOUSE, CINCINNATI.

SIR:

I esteem it an honor that I am permitted to inscribe this little volume to a Gentleman, whose honorable advancement in the field of Time, from early youth to matured years, is so happily analogous to the progressive growth and development of a noble product in the field of Nature, from the incipient, lowly germ, to the full stature and expansion of the stately Oak, beneath whose grateful shade the sojourner in a weary land may repose.

That you may continue for many successive years, to enjoy the full felicity of this present life, in the security of a well-earned independence, health of body, peace of mind, and the exercise of a quiet benevolence, which is never seen but in the glow of its refreshings, is the sincere prayer of,

Sir,

Your obliged and

Very humble servant,

EDWARD A. McLAUGHLIN.

*New-York, August, 1850.*



## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Poem is founded upon an incident supposed to have occurred in connection with the destruction of the steamer PULASKI, while on her passage from Savannah to Charleston. A young lady and gentleman, both uninjured in the explosion, were thrown near each other. The gentleman succeeded in placing his fair partner, together with himself, upon a fragment of the wreck, on which they continued for three days and nights at the mercy of the waves. Their mutual distress excited mutual sympathy and love; they became tenderly attached; and, in that incomprehensible but beautiful display of the holiest feeling of our nature, which, from its utter helplessness is empowered—so it would seem—to triumph in despair, plighted to each other their vows, should Heaven send them deliverance. They were rescued, and subsequently redeemed, at the altar, the pledge made in the hour of adversity and trial.

The incident was uncommon, sufficiently romantic, and suggested "THE LOVERS OF THE DEEP."

The plan and denouement of the tale having little connection with the aggregate of passengers and crew, particularly after the disaster, I have availed myself of a poetic license, confining my attention principally to the pair in whose fortunes I was most interested, and materially deviating in their final rescue from the narrative, as given in the public press of the period. In the episodic and didactic portions of the poem, the train of thought most naturally resulting has been permitted the rein; perhaps not unfrequently imbibing a color from the varied circumstance and condition of a wandering life, combining the soldier, the sailor, and the citizen.

The limited number of poems appended to the volume, were written chiefly in early life.

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THE LOVERS OF THE DEEP.





## INVOCATION.

CELESTIAL MUSE ! sweet arbitress of song,  
To whom the flowers of Poesy belong,—  
The wild, the fanciful, the dulcet flow,  
The graceful sentiment, the fervid glow,  
The tuneful measure, the harmonious rhyme,  
The brilliant metaphor, the thought sublime,  
In sounding numbers swelling to the sphere,  
Or in soft cadence falling on the ear—  
Descend on burning wing, my heart inspire,  
And warm my spirit with poetic fire !  
Some truths—the heavenly gift at Eden's birth,  
To guide the fallen Pair of all the earth ;  
To light the turbid darkness of the mind,  
Where Reason's self, unaided thus, is blind ;  
By Nature taught in all her varied bloom,  
From forest, hill, or valley of perfume ;  
By animated life, where'er it moves  
Through Libyan deserts or Italian groves,  
On airy wing, above th' umbrageous woods,  
Or gliding deep, beneath the limpid floods—  
Teach me to know, while, in attractive verse,  
I the fair theme to listening Youth rehearse.

*31*



CANTO FIRST.

## Argument.

INVOCATION.—The Ear of Youth solicited to a Tale of Shipwreck.—The Rescue of a Pair, Redeemed by Love, promised.—The Gathering Storm.—The Ship.—Her Company.—Shortening Sail.—The Gale.—Terror of the Passengers.—The Prayer of Fear.—The Hour of Trial.—The Path of Life.—The Ship in Distress.—Yearning for the Land.—Man forgetful of God.—His Presumption.—The Gale Abates.—The Gallant Ship.—Making Sail.—Sunset at Sea.—Beauty of the Ocean Night.—The Booby.—The Wanderer.—Natural Sympathies.—ORLANDO.—His Character.—The Barterers of Truth.—Their Depravity.—The PATRIOT.—The Arnold Test.—A Digression.—Pursuit of Fortune.—The World Unequal.—Wealth and Luxury the Bane of Intelligence.—Desire of a Competence.—Poetic Repose.—The Sisters.—The Miser Fool.—Virtuous Industry honored of Heaven.—The Refined Man.—The Children of Sorrow.—Digression.—Humbling Reflection.—The Seven Transgressors.—The Money-Changers.—Farewell to the Venal Tribe.—The Wandering Muse.—Fated to Error.—Soothing Spirit of Poesy.—The Lordly Entail.—Satan Exciting Wedlock.—The Missing Chance.—Vice of Swearing.—May, and the Lost Bride.—Fate of the Destroyer.—Apostrophe to Love.—HYPERIA.—Her Personal Charms.—Her Character.—The Garden of the East.—Cultivation of Flowers.—Floral Scenery an Inspirer of the Tender Passion.—Music of the Spheres.—Beauty of Creation.—Maiden Piety.—Female Equestrianism.—Queen VICTORIA.—The Well-matched Pair.—Impropriety of Females attending Executions.—Sweet Sixteen.—Jealous Nature.—Thanks to the Muse.—Court- ing Applause.—The Falling Curtain.—The Midnight March in Heaven.

## Canto First.

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I COURT the ear of Youth, and wake the lyre (<sup>1</sup>)  
To notes of wild dismay, despair and woe!  
Shipwreck I sing, and those whose vital fire  
Shall quench in ocean ere the morrow's glow,  
Submerged in death on coral beds below.  
Peace to their manes!—I touch the chords once more  
To softer strains, and gentler measures flow;  
While from the wreck the Goddess shall restore  
A Pair, whom LOVE redeems, in safety to the shore.

For them the elements shall cease to rage,  
And sea and sky their mildest aspect wear;  
The waves subside, the blustering winds assuage,  
And grateful zephyrs fan the sultry air,—  
The clouds roll back their fleecy volumes fair,  
And Heaven again on the blue waters smile;  
While watchful spirits hover round the Pair,  
By day, by night,—of dread and grief beguile,  
And guide their fragile bark to some green Tropic Isle.

The morn had risen upon the mighty deep,  
Whose troubled bosom drank the effluent ray;  
The moaning winds were waking from their sleep  
In the Æolian chambers, where they lay,  
Full soon to lead the terrible array  
Of battling elements. The wild alarm  
Spreads far and wide,—above, below, midway,—  
While the fierce spirits of the tempest arm  
At His command who rides the Monarch of the storm.

A gallant ship, with canvas pinions spread,  
And swift-revolving wheels on either side,  
Urged by the force of steam, from ocean fed,  
Ploughed the broad billows of the briny tide:—  
Like Jove's free bird, in conscious strength and pride,  
Without a seeming effort, onward flew  
Over the vast abyss, as she defied  
The Ocean King, cleaving his surges through,  
As though the frowning swells were playful drops of dew.

Rich was the freight the stately vessel bore,—  
Jewels of hope, intelligences rare;  
Forms, the lost days of honor might restore,  
Were Chivalry now vassal to the Fair:  
Beauty, the peeress of a world, was there,  
Aspiring genius and experienced sage,  
And cherub innocence, unknown of care,  
Maternal grace and patriarchal age:—  
A noble company as e'er trode being's stage.

Blooming in youth, and buoyant with delight,  
Life, to one circle, seemed an endless charm ;  
Bathed in the vernal morn of being bright,  
Each eye was brilliant, and each heart was warm :  
The present was all bliss,—hope did disarm  
The future of all woe, and strewn with flowers  
Life's lease, whose transient term stirred no alarm.  
For them the morning woke the joyous hours,  
Thoughtless, as they were still reclined in sylvan bowers.

How thrilled their bosoms, when the vaulted blue,  
In sable curtain hung, gave note of woe !—  
When from the clouds th' ethereal chargers flew,  
And drove pale Terror o'er the realm below !—  
When flashed the lightning with a lurid glow,  
And Heaven's artillery shook the wide-rent air !  
While the lone ship, rude driven to and fro,  
Seemed like a helpless victim, quivering there,  
Tossed by the winds and waves in wild and mute despair.

The Captain gives command to shorten sail :—  
“ Ease tacks and sheets !—to' gallants furl, and sway !  
Clew up the courses now, the spanker brail,  
In stu'n sail booms, and lower the yards away !—  
Topsails close-reef—well there !—sheet home—belay !—  
Conductors rig, and see all clear below :—  
Close hatches down,—the boats securely stay,—  
Set the storm-staysails 'fore and aft !”—The blow  
Strikes the good ship prepared,—“ Up helm, and let her go !”

She sinks, she rises on the swelling surge,  
Scenes of wild horror meet the landsman's view ;  
The foaming billows seem to roar her dirge,  
She leaps, she flies—the tempest winds pursue !  
Sea chasing sea breaks on her deck ; the crew,  
Lashed to the rigging, scarce their hold sustain,  
Yet only dread the vessel's broaching to :—  
Should the strained wheel-ropes part, all hope is vain;  
Full well I know her fate,—she founders on the main !

For I have rode upon the dizzy wave,  
Heaved in rude motion by the stormy blast,  
When Danger trode the sea, and many a grave,  
Scooped from the bosom of the deep, aghast  
Yawned a dread chasm !—when the trembling mast  
Bent to the charging winds, and through the roar  
Of Ocean in his wrath, like an outcast,  
The frightened vessel reeled the billows o'er,  
Drowned in the foaming surge a hundred leagues from shore.

And now they prayed, who never prayed before, (2)  
Or bent the knee to heaven's Omniscient King,  
Who heaves the surge, or calms it by His power,  
And binds the tempest, or unchains its wing.  
Careless, or mad, youth whirls away the spring  
Of life, when innocence buds on the brow,  
And the warm heart is just prepared to cling  
To truth, or error, as the will doth bow :  
They yield their strength to vice,—virtue to age allow.



But mark their trial hour :—Alas ! what dread,  
When life pales for its tenure of the earth !  
Faints the proud spirit, when bright hope hath fled,  
And conscience sits in judgment over mirth !  
O then they supplicate, as virtue's worth  
Outweighed all else, when nature is distressed.  
But will that prayer avail which is the birth  
Of guilty fear ?—will God be thus confessed ?  
Whose law they have contemned, His goodness never blessed ?

There is a path, which, taken in life's prime,  
Leads to a vale of verdure, fruits, and flowers ; (°)  
Cheerful, though straitened at the verge of Time,  
It gently widens with increasing hours,  
And lovelier grows as we approach those bowers  
Of fadeless bloom and ever-during green,  
Exhaling fragrance, and bedewed with showers  
Of grace, which fall from Heaven.—That path, I ween,  
Is Virtue ; and the vale, where placid Peace is seen.

Who reaches those abodes shall never feel  
The sting of conscience,—the upbraiding soul ;  
But Peace upon his heart shall set her seal,  
And Patience hold each passion in control.  
Though lightnings flash, and bellowing thunders roll,  
And warring elements meet in the shock  
Of struggling Nature, shaking either pole,  
No guilty horrors at his breast shall knock,—  
Pure as th' unblemished stone, and steadfast as the rock.

Pale is the cheek which met the dawning day,  
Tinged with essential beauty, rosy bright ;  
Faded the smile that round fair lips did play,  
While dimpled Love sped forth his arrow's flight .  
Tearful the eye, late sparkling with delight,  
As the blue billow curled its snowy crest ;  
Trembling the step, whose gliding measure light,  
So late upon the ship's smooth deck was prest,  
As, like a graceful swan, she rode on Ocean's breast.

Now reels the vessel on a mountain wave,  
Midway 'twixt ocean and the bending sky,—  
Now, downward prone, sinks in a yawning grave,  
And in the dark abyss unseen doth lie :—  
The surges rear their white-capped heads on high,  
Above the topsail-yard ; while in her wake  
Rolls a huge billow, close astern, well nigh  
Upon the decks its fearful force to break,  
And ship, and crew, and all, whelm in th' unfathomed lake !

O for the blessed land once more to tread !  
The dreariest waste beneath the burning Line,—  
Sahara's Desert, where no shadows spread,  
Nor ever falls the humid shower benign,—  
The shores where Nova Zembla sleeps supine,  
Locked in eternal Winter's cold embrace ;  
Siberia's prison hills, where men resign  
All hope—earth's most inhospitable place,  
Were paradise to this,—the deep's tempestuous face !

But peace shall smile on them once more ; and ere  
The setting of the sun the rose's glow  
To the wan cheek return, hope reappear,  
And light the brow whereon sat gloomy woe ;—  
The bright'ning eye with sorrow cease to flow,  
While reassured, half serious and half gay,  
The weary bevy leave their berths below  
To tread the deck, breathe the free air of day,  
Talk o'er the dangers past, and smile their fears away.

A few brief hours reprieved, they shall rejoice,  
And gentle wishes offer each to each,—  
A few brief hours, the late bewildered voice  
Shall wake the sweet vivacity of speech :—  
The terrors, now disarmed, no longer teach  
Th' inconstancy of life. How frail, how vain,  
When safety seemed beyond all human reach,  
As the huge billow reared its mighty train,  
Broke o'er the trembling ship and foamed along the main.

Impatient man wills not to bend the knee,  
In grateful lowliness,—the soul's best mood ;  
Powerless to save, imputes unworthily  
His safety to his skill,—the native, shrewd  
Intelligence, with which he is imbued.  
Pride, vanity, and self-esteem outweigh  
The debt of thanks to Heaven, so oft renewed,  
Which life in virtue spent could ne'er repay,  
Though it were lengthened out to Time's remotest day.

'Tis past,—the elemental 'strife is o'er,  
The breaking clouds in fleecy squadrons stray,  
The torrents cease, the winds impel no more,  
The sea subsides in gentle swells away;—  
Around the ship the gilded Dolphins play,  
The sea-born Nautilus expands his sail,  
Streams o'er the wave bright Sol's uncurtain'd ray,  
Bland breezes from the lucid south prevail,  
And sky and ocean smile as dies the morning gale.

Well the PULASKI had herself sustained— (4)  
For to the noble Pole her name she owed—  
Breasting the billows, like a courser trained  
To run the heat upon a mountain road:—  
Lashed the dark surge, the charging winds bestrode,  
And bent each mast, like a tough bow of yew:  
But she was stanch, and on her decks there trode  
The seamen of the West, a gallant crew  
As ever reefed a sail when black tornadoes blew.

“All hands make sail!”—Aloft the topmen fly,  
Shake out the reefs, and wait the yards below;  
Topgallants, royals, quickly sway on high,  
And with unloosened canvas gayly flow:—  
“Now set the courses, and the staysails stow,  
Rig out the spanker, set fore-stu'nsail sheet,  
Lee-braces haul, and let the weather go!”

With starboard tacks on board, all snug and neat,  
She cleaves the wave once more in panoply complete.

Declining Phœbus dips the purple west,  
And flames along the bosom of the deep ;  
The violet waves, with golden ripples drest,  
In gentle undulation onward sweep :—  
Softly doth twilight o'er the ocean creep,  
As fades the last beam of the solar fire ;  
The sea-bird nestles on the wave to sleep,  
The finny tribes to coral caves retire,  
And Heaven resplendent glows in all its starry tire.

How beautiful is night upon the sea ! (5)  
When not a cloud obscures the spangled sky,  
Which, like a dome hung with blue drapery,  
Upon the boundless horizon doth lie,  
Burning with living topazes !—The eye  
Sweeps the far zenith with admiring gaze,  
Where countless orbs describe their paths on high ;  
While Ocean, from beneath, imbibes the rays,  
Warms to the influence bright, and roars his mighty praise.

The combing swells, which erst were snowy white,  
Are crested now with phosphoretic fire ;  
The surges glow in thousand wreaths of light,  
Wove by the Amphitrite in mystic choir,  
And crown each billow with a lambent spire ;—  
While, scattered o'er the briny plain profuse,  
Myriads of sparkling gems the waste attire  
In brilliant clusters of unnumbered hues,  
Bright as the polar heaven with starry orbs diffuse.



Like as a fly, lured by the taper's light, (6)  
The Booby sleeps upon the quarter rail,  
Arrested in his low, uncertain flight,  
By some white canvas swelling to the gale :  
As day declines, and evening's shades prevail,  
He wings his way above the darkening sea,  
And tumbles heedlessly on any sail  
Which intercepts,—careless what she may be,  
Trader, or man-of-war, or pirate roving free.

So sleeps the weary wanderer, insecure,  
When night o'ertakes him in the desert wild ;  
Or, by the *ignis fatuus*' fatal lure  
Led blindly on—like to a thoughtless child,  
Chasing the fire-fly in the evening mild—  
Through bog, and marsh, and tangled copse pursues  
His dubious way, with slime and mire defiled ;  
Till drooping nature, impotent to choose,  
Bewildered, sinks oppressed, 'mid dangers, damps, and dews.

Fair Cynthia treads upon the glassy wave,  
And dances on the main :—Lured with the sight,  
From their deep grotts of coral architrave  
The Tritons rise to kiss the beaming light,  
Which, silvering o'er her brow, in downward flight  
Commingles with the restless changing billow :—  
The hours lie slumbering on the lap of night,  
Fanned by the whispering winds, soothing their pillow  
With murmurs soft as those light rustling though the willow.

On such a night, I too have coursed the deep,  
When the trim vessel bounded o'er the swell  
In graceful measure :—Then no wish to keep  
Sleep's watch below, but, from the deck, to dwell  
With eye intense upon the spirit spell  
Brooding the deep, where Nature's self seemed lost  
In one unbounded and unfathomed well  
Of mirrored waters ; while the ship was tost  
Betwixt the upper and the nether starry host.

There is a native sympathy refined, (7)  
Warming the bosom of ingenuous youth ;  
Woke by the touch of Heaven, and thence designed—  
Like the grieved prophet's green and grateful booth—  
To charm its fellow, and the spirit soothe,  
When dull despondency in chains hath bound :—  
It is th' essential talisman of Truth,  
Assuring innate worth, wherever found ;  
That spring-bloom of the heart by love or friendship crowned.

There is a soft attraction in the eye,  
Which wakes a throb of mingled happiness ;  
A feeling undefined—we know not why—  
Susceptive equally of pain or bliss.  
And there's a music in the voice, not less  
Magnetic, thrilling on the ready ear ;  
A charm which mutually doth impress,  
As chords the heart with the sweet notes we hear,  
Or, all unstrung to joy, makes discord through the sphere.

When the brow glistens with the frosts of age,  
And time and strength are on the swift decline,  
We seek the fellowship of practised sage,  
Whose tempered years rich hoards of Truth combine,  
Like fruit matured upon the Autumnal vine:—  
But youth would choose its mate among the flowers  
Of Beauty's realm, as spring-buds intertwine,  
And wreath with purple bloom the odorous bowers,  
Wherein light zephyr steals to fan the couching hours.

On board the ship, matured in manly grace,  
Tall and athletic, like a young oak-tree,  
A Naval Officer, with modest pace  
Measured the deck, and scanned the rolling sea:—  
His name, ORLANDO;—known to chivalry,  
And seeking fame where honor led the way,  
Ambitious to achieve his fortune, he  
Had quit the ease of home, to breast dismay  
In the dark tempest's shock, or battle's dread array.

From the Pacific Ocean late returned,  
Where he had weathered out a three years' cruise,  
He met promotion, well and early earned,  
Versed in the naval sciences abstruse;  
And now, on six months' furlough, bent his views  
Landward, to mingle with the young and gay,  
Gentle and beautiful;—perhaps to choose  
A partner for life's voyage, to charm the way,  
Which, like the ocean, hath its bright and cloudy day.



Unlike to those whose wine-attainted blood  
Warms only toward the erring, fallen fair,  
He, for a mother's honor, had withstood  
The wanton siren,—the imbruting lair,  
Where fools their vigor waste, their strength impair,  
And, impotent in youth, forfeit the power  
To sacrifice to Love:—while stern despair,  
Incubus like, broods on the withered flower,  
And Beauty's just contempt pursues their latest hour.

His was the true nobility of mind,  
Frank and polite:—Not haughty, but endowed  
With conscious rectitude, and disciplined  
In that stern school which fires the spirit, proud  
In self-respect, he stood among the crowd,  
Like Atlas on his own enduring base.  
To wealth he cringed not nor to office bowed— (8)  
Which knaves and cowards do to their disgrace—  
But hugged his honor close,—the birthright of his race.

There are, who barter Truth for Mammon's hire, (9)  
The heart's integrity for yellow dross:—  
Slaves to their lusts; with talent to aspire  
To honorable fame, without a cross  
Upon their sterling coin, yet bear the loss  
Of every grace, false to the tint of shame,  
And live and die base renegades!—The toss  
Of one poor copper would reverse their game,  
To side where interest presents the weightier claim.

They pander to an appetite depraved,  
Which swallows both the conscience and the mind:—  
Arnold, who would his country have enslaved  
For sordid gold, was of that Hydra kind,  
Whom all that is unmanly hath made blind  
To chivalry of soul; content to bide  
The scorn of coming time, to flaunt, refined  
In Satan's crucible of human pride!—  
Soft as the Sybarite, in scarlet meanness dyed.

As turns the weathercock toward every point  
Whence blows the gale the strongest, so turn these;  
Whose principle is ever out of joint,  
Or steadied only by the selfish breeze  
Of interest;—which to secure, the fees  
Are welcome, though the devil ask their praise:—  
False, tricky, cunning, of the world the lees;  
Insatiate foes of good;—whose peccant ways  
The sons of Heaven regard with horror and amaze.

Where is the stern and Roman virtue fled,  
That dignified the men of seventy-six?  
Or hath Columbia furnished but one REED, <sup>(10)</sup>  
On whom posterity its eye may fix  
In admiration of a soul unmixt  
With venal taint? I would it were not so;  
Yet, without being pointed or prolix,  
There are but few—and those few Heaven doth know—  
Who to the Arnold test, these times, would answer, no!

But I digress,—digressing still, observe,  
That in my early days I ne'er was given  
To speculation, and did seldom swerve  
So wide of truth but that I might be shriven  
When I resumed the right:—Yet was I driven  
In ruddy boyhood forth, a tennis-ball  
For Fortune's sport, scarce numbering years eleven.  
Well hath she played the game for my worst thrall,  
Tossed like a shuttlecock, and driven to the wall.

I've courted her upon the tented field,  
Where Honor led her legioned chivalry,  
And helméd warriors rushed, with bosoms steeled,  
To daring deeds of fiery bravery.  
I've courted her upon the stormy sea,  
Beneath the skies where calmer scenes prevail,  
While joyous Beauty smiled in company,  
And blooming dells breathed incense on the gale:—  
In vain I strove abroad, or sighed in Cupid's vale.

Deuce take the jade! who flies as I pursue, (11)  
Yet ever beckons onward in the chase,  
Smiling like that deceiver, who would woo  
An unsuspecting maiden to disgrace.  
But, distanced ever in th' alluring race,  
I have concluded to throw up the game,  
As *nix coma rouse*; assume a merry face,  
Study philosophy, Fortune disclaim,  
And laugh when other fools are jilted by the dame.

Some say the world's unequal; rather this:— (12)  
Equal in blessing, differing in condition.  
Some, born to wealth, seem cradled here in bliss,  
Life's troubles merely felt in their tuition;  
Others, born poor, by some unknown allision,  
Attach themselves to Fortune, and cling to her,  
Whether she will or no; gathering fruition  
From either hand, without a thought to woo her,  
Or even tendering thanks,—holding her purse secure.

Their touch, like Midas's, turns all to gold,  
More than successful in each speculation;  
Eagles and sovereigns treble, as they hold,  
And one would think they had a dispensation  
To net the dividends of half the nation.  
Gray, and Girard, and tall John Jacob Astor, (13)  
And Baron Rothschild, of the Jews' oblation,  
With others, trumped of fame, scarce knew disaster,—  
Their tributary, wealth, as each was Fortune's master.

But wealth and luxury make many fools,  
The growth of sloth, and ignorance, and pride;  
For who e'er learned from Nature, or her schools  
Of industry, where moral worth is tried,  
That meanest principle with some allied,  
Affecting to condemn the Tuscan poor,  
And measuring men and mind by the outside,—  
The equipage, or dress?—Fools ye are, sure!  
The casket may be rude, yet 'shrine a jewel pure.

Thank Heaven ! I never felt the base desire,  
And ne'er sought gold for love of gold ; yet sought  
Another wealth, and drew from out the mire,  
The ores which nurture mind ;—unsold, unbought,  
But freely yielded to the searching thought  
And contemplative eye :—And these to me  
Unveiled a shrine, from which the soul, thus taught,  
Secures a quenchless lamp, her guide to be,  
When Death unbars the gates of dread ETERNITY !

I seek a competence, but ask not wealth,  
And in life's wane would gladly find a home,  
Where, blessed with memory and generous health,  
I might recline beneath some cottage dome,  
And court laborious ease :—No more to roam  
A world of care, but calmly life review,  
Its sorrows and its joys, and from the tomb  
Of blighted hopes and fond regrets, renew  
Friendship with TRUTH, or ere I bid the hours adieu.

There woo the Sisters I have loved so well,  
By winding rivulet, or bubbling spring,  
Beneath th' umbrageous wood, in blooming dell,  
Or hemlock-nodding glen,—where zephyrs fling  
Largess of joy from light and fragrant wing,  
Dipped in the mist-dews of the mountain rill ;  
Where the sweet tenants of the branches sing,  
And Nature, uncontaminated, still  
Blooms in her native hues, and wantons at her will.



O fools ! to hoard up what ye cannot bear  
Beyond the grave,—the charnel-house,—where lie  
The rich, the poor, the sons of mirth and care,  
The powerful and the weak !—What if ye die  
Possessed of millions ; follows life's last sigh  
Not one poor coin, save what the new régime  
May grant, to gild the hollow pageantry  
Of the lost wretch ! whose fallow field of Time,  
Untilled, shall witness both his folly and his crime.

Heaven honors industry, legitimate  
In birth and in pursuit ; which seeks no more  
Than fair results, from action small or great,  
Without a stain that virtue might deplore :—  
Then, let the wealth of Gambia's golden shore,  
Potosi's silver hills, or jewelled mine  
Enrich his coffers,—he robs not the poor,  
Whose enterprise cheers them with corn and wine,  
As the depending grape is nourished from the vine.

Refined and liberal, let him adorn  
His grounds with art :—Rare shrubs and costly trees,  
Ranks of gay flowers, knit with the fragrant thorn,  
Tempting the humming-birds and honey-bees,—  
Light crispy banks, inclosing tiny seas,  
In whose pellucid depths the gold-fish play,  
And stately avenues, which court the breeze  
To wake their stilly shades.—There, pleased to stray,  
My heart should own his worth, and cast its cares away.

Poor have I lived, the son of discontent,  
Life's heaven beclouded,—better scarce can die ;  
But may no nabob rear a monument,  
To insult the dust-laid remnant of a sigh !  
A minstrel's fortune mine, I fain would lie  
Where Nature sits in pomp of flowers alone,  
Nor other mark to point the passer by ;—  
Or should my memory live, not all unknown,  
May virtue yield the charm, nor leave me to a stone.

What wonder if there be, who tread time's path  
Weary and sad. Our Cis-Atlantic pride—  
Shadow of eld—scorns the poor wight, who hath  
For his inheritance nought but the wide,  
Impalpable domain ; where, rudely tried,  
Hope wakes, but never smiles !—The dross of earth,  
Which made them what they are, was aye denied  
To friendless Genius and to humble Worth,—  
Suffering and penury have claimed them from their birth.

No Alma Mater nurtured my warm prime  
From the Pierian spring ; yet widely thrown,  
Some little did achieve through fleeting time,  
Or ere the warm perceptive powers had flown,—  
Hardly obtained, as rivulets wear the stone,  
But richer far than all the world's emboss.  
Comparing now th' enduring gems so won,  
With pleasure's dance and fashion's transient gloss,  
These last are vanity,—the fond pursuit life's loss.

Held by no youth-endear'd maternal ties, (<sup>14</sup>)  
I roved from clime to clime, from shore to shore;  
Saw other landscapes beneath other skies,  
Isles, continents, and rivers famed of yore,  
And grew in love with Nature more and more.  
On her fair page, the fairest page of Time,  
The charméd eye delighted still to pore:—  
So scan I yet the lovely, the sublime,  
And my rapt spirit breathe in the sweet flow of rhyme.

I loved her waving woods, her champagne's green,  
The dashing streamlet, the romantic glen,  
The flowery dell, the whispering grove serene,  
The heavenward mountain, and the lowly fen;  
And loving these, could not o'ervalue men.  
Nature was true, in native colors dressed,  
Pure, radiant, sublime, the same as when  
She first in Eden bloomed at Heaven's behest:  
But man was all impure,—dissembler at the best.

Truth I rehearse, and in my own breast bear  
This sad reproach, this humbling mark of shame;  
Free to acknowledge—what I do not dare  
Deny—that in some points of minor fame,  
I am myself amenable to blame;  
But, uncontaminated by the seven  
Unpardonable sins, which most defame  
In cities, cherish hope to be forgiven,  
And find a place at last, somewhere in poet's heaven.



These seven dark transgressors thus I note :— (15)  
All bank-stock-jobbers, brokers, speculators,  
And gamblers, whom stern justice shall devote  
To condemnation ; the calumniators—  
By which I mean most editors of papers ;—  
Monopolists, who starve the pleading poor,  
And last—not least—humanity's worst traitors,  
The LIBERTINES ! And this vile horde, I'm sure,  
There's not another star or planet would endure.

Brown Toil may well mark Mammon's sons of hire,  
The "money-changers,"—licensed rogues, abhorred  
Of Him, the promised One, whose holy fire  
Could brook them not,—who, with a whip of cord  
Scourged them from forth the Temple of the Lord !  
The sacrilegious wretches even then  
Polluted Heaven's threshold—basely warred  
Against the rights of labor. By my pen,  
I think the race exist to plague all honest men !

Enough ; farewell the swindler and the knave,  
The cold monopolist, the hypocrite :—  
No honest man would stretch his arm to save  
One of the race from the reproachful pit  
His own vile hands have dug ; they are most fit  
To fill it up :—Then let them scourge distress,  
And heap the measure of their guilt, to wit,  
The sighs of widows and the fatherless,  
Ascending up to Him who shall their wrongs redress.

But I return, and in a gentler strain,  
Sing to at least one boon delighted ear,  
Of mine own self:—Albeit I be not vain,  
Save of my native rocks, my humble sphere,  
And soul of sympathy, which hoards a tear  
For wretchedness,—the patient child of sorrow.  
I too have trod a thorny path, full drear,  
Joyless to-day, and hopeless for the morrow:—  
But let the future rest,—’tis folly care to borrow.

Oft has it been my wont to wander forth,  
With staff in hand, light heart, and lighter purse,  
Careless what course enticed, south, west, or north,  
Returning from each ramble nothing worse:  
There only followed me the usual curse—  
Which, without any special invitation,  
Hath ivy-bound my years—the love of verse;  
For ever rearing up some bright creation,  
That left me poorer still as crumbled its foundation.

My path was wheresoe’er my fancy bore,  
And I did course it like the honey-bee;—  
Now, by the Shenandoah’s glorious shore,  
Pursued the devious track with careless glee;—  
Thence, o’er the broad Potomac, light and free,  
Bent where the charming Susquehanna flows;  
Plucked every stranger flower which I did see,  
Climbed each tall hill that on my pathway rose,  
And ranged the glens and dells where Nature doth repose.

I gathered fruit and flowers, not sparse or poor,  
The flowers of fancy, and reflection's grain:—  
The eye and ear, well-matched and keen purveyor,  
Selects the product of the wide champagne,  
To feed the thinking spirit of the brain,  
Which, ruminating not, doth pine and die;  
As sluggards languish, and exist in vain,  
Still feebler sink, a prey to ennui,  
And, like the moody swine, in thoughtless slumbers lie.

I roamed th' Hesperian gardens,—feasted there  
On golden fruit, and, like the humming-bird  
From flower to flower disporting on the air,  
Revelled in sweets, while all was "hope deferred,"  
As the chained spirit felt that she had erred.  
But reason, slumbering long, awakes too late;  
The slave of wine will taste, nor be deterred,  
Though in each sparkling glass he read his fate,—  
So I, at Helicon, quaffed till inebriate.

As in the vernal morn, the bubbling rill,  
Freshened by gentle showers, glides playful on,—  
Now winds the mead, now circles round the hill,  
Till rolling from the solstice, Summer's sun,  
Or ere his ardent course is well begun,  
Stoops from his burning car, adown the sky,  
And laps the stream:—the waters cease to run,  
In visionless evaporations fly,  
Leaving their fountains empty, and their channels dry.

Still, Poesy, I love thee :—Though thou be  
My bane, thou yield'st the antidote to ill ;—  
When gloom saturnine presseth wearily,  
I fly for refuge to the sacred hill,  
There drown the sense of misery at will  
In the Castalian fount, whose springs disclose,  
And streams of sweet forgetfulness distil :—  
So, in the realm below, where Lethe flows,  
The wretched taste, and drink oblivion to their woes.

Yet not for time's brief hopes would I resign  
The gift of Heaven, the music of the soul :—  
The lordliest entail, a world, is mine,  
To range the mighty realm from pole to pole,  
Orient and Occident, and read the scroll  
Replete with wonders through the vast domain ;  
While vivid Fancy robes me in her stole  
Of "colors dipped in heaven,"—and thus I reign  
A prince of Faëry Land, knit with the sylvan train.

In childhood's vernal hours, when all is gay,  
And frolic's embryo life in happy glee,  
My sire at times would win from sportive play,  
And tempt the little boy to climb his knee :—  
There—fond of stories—would rehearse to me  
The vacant ploughboy, who would not be taught,  
But, as he jogged a-field o'er the glad lea,  
"He whistled as he went for want of thought :"—  
The lesson was not lost, with memory inwrought.

And now, whatever object I pursue,  
Whether I rove the verdure-springing earth  
When morn besprinkles o'er the hills with dew,  
And wakes the greenwood to harmonious mirth,—  
Or range the gardens of immortal birth,  
Where brighter skies and fairer visions cheer,  
To weave a garland of poetic worth,—  
A thousand thoughts, and every one a peer,  
Like new creations spring, and mingle in career.

But I have made a point, as lawyers say,  
Unmasking a most base and venal band,—  
The while it led my pen somewhat astray  
From the fair minstrelsy I have in hand:—  
This done, the temper of the muse is bland;  
As when a burning system frees itself  
Of fever-feeding bile, the blood is fanned  
To the light breezy flow of ruddy health,  
And being grasps the boon as misers hug their wealth.

To crown the manly offspring of my Muse,  
He was a gentleman, in word and deed;  
With instinct to perceive, with grace to choose  
The nobler course, and prize it as his creed.  
Thus Truth, Heaven's Mentor, ever stood his need,  
While coward Guilt shrunk from his lion eye,  
As shrinks from living touch the Indian weed:—  
Certes, he never swore; yet oft did sigh, <sup>(16)</sup>  
That earth-born worms should thus with oaths assault the sky.

Thus far the Hero of my song, to whom  
I have imputed all the nobler traits  
Which dignify the man ;—and now I come  
To seek a partner for him, which the Fates,  
Or, as the transcendentalist relates,  
Heaven doth bestow ; and some believe the tale,  
That matches are decreed within its gates :—  
But I've known some so questionably hale,  
I think the rule went forth from Pandemonium's pale.

And why should not the Devil play the priest ; (17)  
Join contradictions, and unite two forms,  
Whose souls are sundered, as the west and east,  
In principle and feeling,—where ne'er warms  
Affection's ray, but ever-during storms  
Becloud the heaven of the nuptial bed,  
And mar the rosy boon, that all deforms ?  
Why should he not ?—It is his trade to wed  
When the hot blood of youth revolts against the head.

For in these times of revel and deceit,  
There is a chance—so candor's self must own—  
That one may miss his spirit-twin'd help meet,  
In Cupid's lottery. The prize is won, (18)  
Time lifts the veil, he finds himself undone,  
And love's romance is o'er !—So end one half  
Man's bosom hopes ere life is well begun.  
At one's first disappointment, few will laugh ;  
But he's a fool twice told, that twice is simple Ralph.



May, in her damask robe no longer dressed,  
Her beauteous honors of celestial hue,  
Reclines her cheek on Summer's panting breast,  
And bids her blossoms and her flowers adieu ;  
Until Aurora shall her breath renew,  
And the wood-nymphs the maiden re-adorn ;  
When Phœbus wheels the star-paved zodiac through,  
And o'er the orient hills, where wakes the morn,  
Re-enters Cancer bright from burning Capricorn.

So in her charming spring, her May-day morn,  
In vestal honors robed, the modest bride  
Triumphs in blushes, hastening to adorn  
The cheek where Love and Dian rule divide ;—  
So fades she too, if e'er she cast aside  
The talisman which ne'er a blemish shows,  
And forfeits each fair grace that once allied  
Her soul to Truth, her beauty to the Rose :—  
May shall rebloom again, but hopeless her repose !

And what shall be his meed, who dares invade  
The hallowed precincts of domestic bliss ;  
Who, like Iscariot, stealing in the shade,  
Betrays his fellow with a serpent's kiss ?  
The kindled fire shall sap his springing bliss,  
As Summer's burning drought the hopeful bloom,  
And shrivel all his joys !—The vis-à-vis  
Of hope and disappointment his life's doom,  
While fell Remorse, at bay, turns on him from the tomb.

O Love ! bright offspring of th' enraptured Hours,  
And cradled the Elysian groves among,  
Where Beauty erst reclined in her own bowers,  
While bowed Olympius as Apollo sung ;—  
Upon earth's primal morn thy form upsprung,  
Knit with celestial Hope, winged from the skies,  
With joyous ardor to inflame the young  
Up the green hill of life, to win the prize  
Of earthly happiness, for which man toils and dies.

Some humble spots thou mak'st a bright parterre,  
Where Eden smiles again ; when holy Truth,  
Descending from her own eternal sphere,  
Sheds her effulgent warmth, in pity's ruth,  
O'er our benighted and inconstant youth :—  
Would that her lustre might illuminate  
Each heart which owns thy power, in very sooth :—  
Nor broken vows, nor false-engendered hate,  
Would mar our sweetest joys when Time holds royal state.

But tainted though we be, and ever bound  
With imperfection from the hour of birth,  
Thy presence cheers the moral waste around,  
And spreads a blissful canopy o'er earth ;—  
The while life's lustre pales in all the dearth  
Which followed Eden's fall, fond Love remains—  
The grace of Beauty, and the seal of Worth—  
While calm domestic bliss the heart constrains,  
And captive held of Fate, man wears but flowery chains.



The fields of Heaven are thine, where Virtue moves  
In native purity ; th' essential, bright,  
Eternal charmer of the upper groves,—  
As when fair Eve, or ere her fatal blight,  
Presided Eden's queen, chaste in the sight  
Of regal powers, bending their orb-lit eyes  
In admiration !—Spirit, once more alight  
Within Time's realm, accept our sacrifice,  
And call white Innocence down from her sinless skies.

Heaven sends a Maiden for my heroine,  
Not fancy-born, but of terrestrial mould ;  
In whom the virtues of her sex combine  
With every faultless grace, as hath been told  
Of that famed statue, beauteous to behold,  
Venus de Medici, the crown of art :—  
Here the fair semblance ends, the marble cold  
And spiritless ; mine 'shrines a beating heart,  
Warm with Promethean fire, and Heaven's diviner part.

For in that Argosy I late have sung—  
Wearing each charm which can adorn a maid,  
As Venus beautiful, as Hebe young,  
Spotless as Dian, gentle as a Naiad,—  
A nymph there was, whose imagery betrayed  
The poetry of grace ;—so peerless fair,  
That youth might well be pardoned who obeyed  
The impulse of its spring, to knee her there,  
Implore her lustrous eyes, and love's fond fealty swear.

Fair is the damascene, imperial flower,  
Robed in the blushes of retiring May,  
And fair the stately lily of the bower,  
In the pure drapery of the Maiden's-Way;  
Sweet the blue violet in vernal play,  
And bright the ruby-lipped carnation glows :—  
But fairer, brighter, lovelier in array  
This charming Nymph, whose fragrant beauty throws  
• In shade the violet, the lily, pink, and rose.

HYPERIA was this gentle being's name,  
Harmonious as her form :—Of modest height,  
Like a plumed lilac glassed in limpid stream,  
Or like a honeysuckle bathed in light,  
Or like the twain in blended beauty bright,  
She stood, or moved, a graceful nonpareil :—  
Her home the genial South, and her delight  
To range her native groves, a Sylvan Belle,  
From the gay world retired in her own fav'rite dell.

And here she reared her flowers, and dressed the vale  
In floral pomp, where brilliant embassies  
From distant climes did homage to the gale,  
Which woke the foliage of the tulip-trees ;—  
Those of all tribes, in gorgeous draperies,  
Azure, and crimson, white or golden hue,  
Smiled the full joy, and nodding to the breeze,  
Filled all the air with sweets :—If ever true,  
Here was Enchantment's realm, and the Enchantress too.

So bloomed 'neath orient skies, when Abbas reigned,  
The Garden of the East:—A royal pair  
Its rich luxuriance pruned, its flow'rets trained,  
Reared its moss-beds, and wove its arbors fair.  
Abdallah, with Balsora, wandered there,  
Fettered in bliss,—the silken chain of love;  
For this resigned a diadem of care,  
Fondly the quiet bliss of life to prove,  
In depth of flowery shades, where peace sways all the grove.

To plant the germ, to train the tender stalk, (<sup>19</sup>)  
To watch the budding and expanding flower;  
To fringe with evergreens the gravelled walk,  
And twine with tendrils sweet the summer bower,  
Whose fragrant shade may cheer the sultry hour;  
To prune the tiny forest, clip the bright  
Green velvet sward, and guide the fountain shower,  
Is woman's work—a labor of delight,  
Becoming, innocent, and Beauty's sovereign right.

If there's a spot where maiden eyes disclose  
A brighter ray to penetrate the heart,  
It is th' embellished ground where Nature glows,  
Adorned of Heaven and glorified by art:—  
The blooming softened scenery doth impart  
A mellow tenderness to evening's hour,  
And as pale twilight's ling'ring rays depart,  
Love glides the trees among, wakes in the bower,  
Sighs in the passing gale, and breathes from ev'ry flower.

O could my youth return with wonted fire,  
And my taught spirit animate the form,  
I'd seek the scenes where Flora doth inspire  
The germ of tender passion ; where the charm  
Of beauty doth the sterner sex disarm,  
And conquers all for love :—A gentle one  
My partner, whose light heart, as mine, should warm  
With ans'ring transport, while the setting sun  
Left starry night to close what the young dawn begun.

There is a mighty music of the spheres,  
Dull man lists not :—These, as they roll along,  
Still wake to melody the circling years,  
That join eternity in rushing throng  
On raptured wing, breathing harmonious song  
To Him who lights the orbs.—What lofty strains,  
All hallowed, to th' Omnipotent belong !  
Incense ascends from countless starry fanes,  
And the vast universe rejoices that He reigns.

How chaste, how beautiful, and all sublime  
Are these Thy lower works, great KING of kings !  
Which flourish gayly in the lap of Time,  
As Nature moves through all her secret springs,  
And from the firmament still evening flings  
Her gently falling dews ; while glowing day  
Sends down the fervid influence, which wings  
Tree, shrub, and flower with embryo pinions gay,  
Where perfume with delight lingers the hours away.

O'er hill and dale, by stream or vocal grove,  
From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve,  
Among these living gems I joy to rove—  
The blossom and the flower—and there conceive,  
As the enamor'd spirit would believe,  
Heaven smiles approval o'er the glowing scene,  
And blesses its fair work:—Nor do I grieve  
That these shall fade beneath the frosts so keen;  
Spring shall restore their bloom and panoply of green.

Oft as the silver dawn awoke the day  
To mount the orient, and his course pursue,  
The gentle girl adown the dell would stray  
Toward that secluded spot, veiled from the view  
Of all but Heaven,—to Heaven did there renew  
The off'ring of a meek and lowly heart,  
Where love and purity their fountains drew,  
Untainted by the turgid stream of art,  
And Virtue, ever pleased, beheld her counterpart.

Unused to breathe the fatal atmosphere  
Of giddy fashion, she had seldom been  
Where luxury and vice did reign compeer,  
Deforming both the women and the men:  
Though it is probable, that, now and then—  
As Southern ladies manage well a horse—  
She cantered with her sire through dell and glen,  
And sometimes rode her filly to the course,—  
Though, by the way, this last the Muse doth not indorse.

Indeed, if fertile fancy whisper true,  
She was as graceful feminine a rider—  
Albeit not quite so much a royal blue—  
As Queen VICTORIA, whose fame is wider; (<sup>20</sup>)  
But whose performance, whate'er some have cried her,  
I question was superior to my fair;  
Who, at an off-hand gallop, had defied her  
To sit more firm.—At any rate, her air  
Was ev'ry inch a Queen's, and they'd have made a pair:—

A charming Pair, and matched as Venus' doves,  
When o'er the Cyprian vale the goddess flies,  
Nor less like Juno's peacocks, as she moves  
Queen-consort of the Thund'rer of the skies:  
Those love's sweet blandishments, these beauty's eyes,  
With more of heaven than earth inherent there,—  
Celestial grace, which makes that paradise  
Around the home of each true wedded pair,  
Where ever-smiling Hope wooes the coy cheek of Care.

I had much rather see a lovely maid,  
In riding-dress, silk coif, and flowing veil,  
Mount her fleet jennet, airily arrayed,  
And, like Camilla, skim the flowery dale,  
Where bloom and verdure all their sweets exhale;  
Than hear of women, delicate and young,  
Hurrying from every point o'er hill and vale,  
To see a miserable felon hung,  
And feast their eyes on the poor mortal as he swung!



Degrading sight! abhorrent and abhorred! (<sup>21</sup>)  
O how can gentle woman stand and gaze  
On such a scene, where human life is marred  
By violence; nor feel her brightest praise,  
The priceless jewel of her vernal days,  
Bedimmed and sullied! Shame, where art thou fled,  
When Beauty follows in the broad highways  
The pinioned victim to the scaffold led,  
And calmly waits until the struggling wretch be dead!

On such a scene, so heartless and unwise,  
Hyperia ne'er had looked:—Her bosom glowed  
With sympathy for all beneath the skies,  
The sinner and the saint; her eyes o'erflowed  
At sight of pain, while every action showed  
A heart beneficent as it was pure:—  
So Mercy on the wing of Iris rode,  
The remnant of a world to reassure,  
While Spring sent forth her buds, of Summer suns secure.

The Maiden, delicate as the young dawn,  
When moist-eyed April doth her couch bedew  
With tender tears, light as a light-limbed fawn  
In sportive gambolling—as harmless too—  
Was very flesh and blood, like me and you;  
Susceptible to all the brave impress  
With which Love arms himself when he would woo;—  
A manly figure, a polite address,  
And knightly gallantry, ladies admire not less.

That she had mused of love since sweet sixteen  
Had ripened all her bloom, her sex best know;  
The mothers of the modern belles, I mean,  
Who, several springs—twenty at most—ago,  
Ranged Cupid's pretty by-ways high and low,  
Joyous with innocence and hopeful life:—  
That she had felt love's power, I can say, No;  
And seldom thought on wedlock, but when rife  
From reading "Coelebs," or the romance of "The Wife."

But Nature, ever jealous of her power,  
Still sways the youthful breast:—The crimson flood  
Paints on the cheek the rich Lancastrian flower,  
As pouring from the heart in joyous mood,  
The vestal feels her subtil-coursing blood  
Warm with a painful, yet a sweet desire,  
For that harmonious union, love-imbued:—  
And, what is most incongruous, this fire  
Pleasure and Pain are both at labor to inspire.

Thanks to the Muse!—Hero and Heroine  
Are fairly launched:—I use the term because  
Their love was cradled in the foaming brine,  
And nursed on Ocean's bosom. Here I pause,  
In urbane deference to custom's laws,  
Which rule the sons of Thespis and of Song  
In modern times,—that is, to wait th' applause  
Grateful to vanity, and courted long,  
Which, bursting from the pit, the galleries roll along.



The curtain falls; so falls the veil of night  
Upon the closing portals of the day,  
While each gay vision of the morning light  
Hath blent supinely with the Milky-Way :—  
It is the hour, deep in the twilight gray,  
When starry hosts their glittering helms protend,  
As belted Jove leads up in grand array <sup>(22)</sup> .  
The midnight march in Heaven.—So let us end  
This Canto, and digest what you have read, I penned.



CANTO SECOND.

## Argument.

VIRGINIA.—The Curse of Slavery.—Northern Monopoly.—Southern Hospitality.—The Poet's Gratitude.—Britain's boasted Freedom.—The Factory.—Its Oppression.—The Desperate Factory Girl.—The Fatherland.—No Arbors or retired Walks upon the Sea.—A Dilemma.—Chance Invoked.—Orlando in a Muse.—The Charms of Beauty.—Weaving of Silken Fetters.—Rural Felicity.—Flights of Fancy.—Becomes Entranced.—His Reverie Broken.—Admiration.—Hyperia meets his Gaze.—The Effect on Both.—The Magic of a Look.—Amorous Perplexity.—The Trembling Gallant.—A Contrast.—Potent Beauty.—Consequences resulting from a Flaw of Wind.—Orlando springs to Hyperia's Aid.—Female Officiousness.—Not always Acceptable.—The Lovers Tete-a-Tete.—Friendship of the Sexes.—Platonic Love.—Progress of the Acquaintance.—Courtship at Sea.—Hyperia Indulges in Musings.—Presenting a Lover.—Terrestrial Bliss.—Anticipation.—A Conquest.—Reading in the Cabin.—Courtship Proprieties.—Nautical Accidents.—Unexpected Surprisals.—The Lovers in Danger.—Both Hearts Transfixed.—The Shame-faced Boy.—Love and Fortune.—Rural Love.—Its Charms.—Fright of Hyperia.—The Faithful Wife.—Her Fame.—The Contrast.—The Declaration.—The Response.—True Modesty.—The Coquette.—Triumph of humble Trust.—Religion.—Wisdom's First Lesson.—The Happy Change.—Fascination of Beauty.—Charms of Virtue.—Splicing the Main Brace.—A Censorious Maiden.—The Courteous Sisterhood.—The Calm.—Sultana of the Night.—The Serenade.—Tropic Isles.—Gratitude to Heaven.—Preparation for Death.—The Journey to the Skies.

## Canto Second.

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VIRGINIA, the land of noble hearts,  
Where beauty, taste, and courage court my verse,  
I love thy varied realm, thy social marts,—  
And even Slavery, which is thy curse, (<sup>1</sup>)  
The Muse may not in numbers harsh rehearse,  
While grasping wealthy upstarts lord it o'er  
The toil-worn Freeman, with an empty purse;  
Monopolize blest Nature's bounteous store,  
And bid Necessity pay tribute at their door.

Thy hospitalities unbounded flow,  
Free as thy streams; and with that winning grace  
Which doth solicit while it doth bestow,  
And seems to ask acceptance,—where each face  
Beams the true index of a sterling race,  
Manly, and intellectual, and polite:—  
No time shall from my memory efface  
The warm reception at the dun twilight,  
Which oft hath welcomed me, wayfarer of the night.

My gratitude—'tis all that I can give—  
Fain would I breathe in an undying strain ;  
But if it should my setting sun survive,  
I have not wooed the Nine or lived in vain :  
And while the Muse permits a flowing rein  
To grace my song, 'tis from thy gallantry  
And peerless fair I paint, without a stain,  
My Hero as the pride of chivalry,  
And my fair Heroine pure as thy daughters be.

O shame ! that in the Isles where Britain boasts  
Her equal, happy sway, there still should bend  
Their necks to iron toil such peasant hosts,  
O'er whose young offspring Avarice doth extend  
Direful oppression. Few may apprehend  
The toil and struggle Infancy endures,  
Or ere its tender limbs their vigor lend  
To childhood's frolic hours :—The factory cures  
Of life's prospective ills,—an early close insures.

Nor these alone :—The young and tender girl  
Wakes not to happiness in early prime,  
But a bond-maiden to some wealthy churl,  
Her sacrifice is her best hours of time,  
Till desperation drives to that mad crime <sup>(2)</sup>  
Which soils her vestal purity.—Alas !  
That other slavery exists to grime  
The boasted freedom of a working class,  
Grinding for Church and State in fetters strong as brass !

And yet, O Fatherland ! in other mood,  
The heart turns back to greet thy parent shore,  
Warm with the pride of ancestry and blood,  
Which Albion's annals but increase the more.  
Glorious in Arms, howe'er we may deplore  
The causes, right or wrong, which drew thy sword ;  
More glorious in Arts, that shall restore  
The wreck of earth, when Might and Right accord,  
And one great CLASS succeeds the vassal and the lord.

No vine-clad arbors flourish on the sea,  
No balmy groves wave to the ocean breeze ;—  
No blooming dell's warm-tinted scenery,  
Half arched by shelving rock and branching trees,  
Where a duenna—not averse to please,  
When golden arguments outweigh objection—  
Might plan to introduce two ill at ease,  
Who sigh and languish for the sweet connection ;  
And I must leave to chance, or Providence' direction,

The meeting of this pair, on whom the gaze  
Of lynx-eyed Love is bent in fervid glow,  
To blend with either heart their tender rays,  
And with a fire-barbed arrow from his bow,  
Light up a purple flame to melt the snow  
Of coy virginity :—Then to my aid  
Come thou blind goddess, to whom Atheists owe  
Their accidental being, and persuade  
In near conjunction this brave Youth and charming Maid.

Orlando's mind ran on a different course  
From that it had pursued for three long years ;  
Which time its natural and preceptive force  
Was held in requisition by the gears  
Of discipline, and flitting hopes and fears  
Attendant on the struggle for promotion :—  
But now exempt awhile, as it appears,  
With honor's badge won from the stormy ocean,  
He felt a strong desire to prove some new devotion.

He thought on woman in her flowery youth,  
Elysian beauty and impassioned grace,  
Her spotless purity, her artless truth,  
Beaming a heaven from forth an angel's face ;—  
Offering, in vision, to his warm embrace  
The paragon of all that men call " dear ;"  
Whose sympathies with his should interlace,  
And weave themselves in one :—And this shows clear  
How silken fetters are first manufactured here.

Then came a dainty cottage near the shore,  
Embowered in woods beneath a sloping hill,  
Receding in perspective, sprinkled o'er  
With arbor, grot, et cetera,—whence a rill,  
Leaping in cascades, glided towards a mill  
Seen in the distance, just beyond the lawn :—  
The master there, he'd ramble at his will ;  
Wake with the bluebird at the peep of dawn,  
And careless ruralize till dewy eve came on.



His ladie-love light tripping at his side,  
Fair as the rosiest morn of Summer skies,  
Sweet as the pranking May,—a blushing bride  
Reclined upon his arm, which bore a prize,  
Richer than that, the brightest gem which lies  
Beneath Bassora's wave. Proudly erect  
To feel himself th' attraction of those eyes,  
He rose an inch at least in self-respect,  
And spurned a stately oak beneath whose branch they stepp'd.

Deeply entranced in this bright reverie,  
He warmed apace, and visions flitted round  
Of little cherubs,—one beside his knee,  
Plucking the flowers from off the velvet ground ;  
Another, in the chaste embraces bound  
Of this fair scion from maternal Eve,—  
On whom he gazed, and felt all the profound,  
Rapt sensibilities, that sweetly wreath  
The heart of love-led knight, when Hymen tenders leave.

So mused the sailor in abstracted mood,  
His vision wandering wide upon the ocean ;  
Till, turning towards the quarter-deck, there stood  
The object of his fancy's warm devotion :  
Transfixed at once—that is, without much motion—  
With fascinated eye he scanned the fair  
Hyperia, and drank in Love's first potion,  
Termed admiration. She did seem to wear  
The coronet of grace,—beauty beyond compare.

Her wandering eye met his :—The ardent gaze  
Mantled her cheek in richest crimson, while  
Not less suffused his own to meet the blaze  
Of Beauty, radiant with her own smile :  
Each felt the shaft, nor self-accused of guile,  
For she was pure of heart, and he was brave ;  
But native modesty it did beguile  
Unwittingly of that which both forgave,  
As, with averted face, they smiled, and then were grave.

There's magic in a look !—the sudden glance  
Swift darting from the eye doth pierce the heart,  
As on the violet wave the moonbeams dance,  
And penetrate the deep. There was no art,  
But simple Nature acting true her part,  
In the abashed obliquity of sight  
That each perplexed ; and then a nervous start,  
Galvanic-like ;—yet still, a strange delight  
Thrilled in that sidelong glance, half pleasure and half fright.

They seemed oppressed, in cogitation lost,  
Dying to lisp a word, yet both afraid ;  
Each bosom with untutored feelings tossed,  
Which ever and anon themselves betrayed :—  
Orlando, his right hand in 's bosom laid,  
Stood, foot advanced, like Bonaparte at rest ;  
Hyperia with her fan or locket played,  
Anon her fan upon her lip she pressed :—  
And both, although at sea, with studied neatness dressed.

Heavens! what a silly thing love makes a man!  
He, who would charge up to a battery  
Of cannon, trembles at a slender fan  
In Beauty's grasp, and most ungallantly  
Quails at a glance, barbed with the radiance  
Of woman's gazelle eye;—and his proud frame  
Thrills like an aspen, if but harmlessly  
The velvet touch of her light finger shame  
His cheek into a blush,—surrendering to the dame!

Contrast with such the gentler sex, who meet  
Love unembarrassed, or a trifle so,  
And rather court with modest smile full sweet,  
The touch so sensitive to many a beau,—  
(I know not how it is, but only know  
Ladies can court in their own lady way;)  
The melting eye, the mantling flush, but show  
In them the influence of that subtile ray,  
Which, with electric shock, disturbs man's coarser clay.

All potent Beauty! throned in woman's eye,  
Humbling the proudest spirit to entreat,—  
Inspiring chivalry unblenched to die,  
Or lay its gorgeous tribute at thy feet:  
Warming the bosom with a fervid heat  
Unquenchable as light,—a fierce desire  
That knows no law, yet ever shrinks to meet  
The weal it covets:—Say, what doth inspire  
Thy sweet alluring charm,—thy warm essential fire?

It is the hallowed effluence of Heaven,  
Vital, immortal, unoriginate :  
That essence with all being interwoven,  
Which, radiating from Eternal Fate,  
Burns in the starry hierarchal state,  
Reflects from myriad orbs that round them move,  
Glows in all Nature fixed or renovate,  
And smiles in all that lives:—And this is LOVE,  
That erst, o'er Jordan's wave, descended like a Dove !

In hearts so finely tempered,—belle and beau,  
Thrown thus within attraction, it were vain  
T' affect false delicacy, outward show  
Of calm indifference. When glances pain,  
The curbed tongue struggles for the flowing rein:—  
The music of the voice falls on the air  
In sweet vibration, as the weary chain  
Is sundered, and th' enfranchised spirit dear,  
Wakes to harmonious joy as Spring replumes the year.

So with my neophytes—th' untutored pair  
Estranged, in close proximity at sea ;  
Orlando burning to address the fair  
Hyperia, she no less ardently  
Wishing he might find some excuse to free  
The shackles of reserve,—and half inclined  
To aid him in a pass of gallantry, (<sup>3</sup>)  
The lady stumbled, as a flaw of wind  
Struck the ship's larboard bow, and down the lee declined.

The sailor flew t' assist the fallen maid,  
Who, prone upon the deck, disordered lay :  
Unused to compliments, he tenders aid  
In reefer style,—restores her disarray,  
And bears his prize to the companion-way ;  
Supports her trembling steps the deck below,—  
For now, half fainting, strength was quite astray ;  
But hartshorn, and a cordial termed “noyeau,”  
Revive her in due time,—a minute-glass or so.

In gentle coup-de-mains, like this, where one—  
A single knight—is equal to th' affair,  
The curious sex are ever seen to run  
With flushing cheeks and wild dishevelled hair—  
Much like a string of comets in the air—  
And a vast fund of boisterous sympathy,  
Tendered officiously, with hoarded ware  
Of camphor, burgamot, and eau-de-vie,  
To wake a maiden from an amorous syncope.

And thus Hyperia was doomed to bear  
The usual torture of her feminine  
Acquaintance, till she gently did declare  
Herself unharmed, and quite restored,—in fine,  
A little flurried only ;—she'd recline  
A brief space on the sofa, and compose  
Herself to rest,—perhaps to sleep resign :  
And then at her request the ladies rose,  
While Love remained by right to watch the maid's repose.

She sleeps not,—sleep is farthest from her thought,  
Which on her cheek its secret doth confess :  
Pleased to have found what either long had sought,  
Freedom from that restraint which pains not less  
Than unrequited love. The heart's distress  
Subsides in melting looks,—Orlando bends  
Towards the gentle girl, all tenderness,  
While she her thanks and rosy blushes blends  
With his warm sympathies, and they are more than friends.

Friendship is but the stepping-stone to love,—  
Platonic sentiment is aye love's germ ;  
Oft as the sexes its ascendance prove,  
Blooming, it robes the young and graceful form  
With softer beauties and a sweeter charm :—  
Then come the feverish hours, as hope and fear  
Alternate sway with rapture or alarm ;  
Till, like two dew-drops on a rose-leaf, near,  
Each tends to each, at last commingling in one sphere.

Broken the spell, the parted lip did play  
To yield the blissful interchange of thought ;  
He was all animation, she was gay,  
Delighted both,—a breath of air had wrought  
The happy change. And here perhaps I ought  
To moralize, and ponder how a squall—  
Which seamen e'er regard with danger fraught—  
Should harmless pass the ship, and disenthral  
Two hearts that long had wished stern custom to forestall.



Enough the Muse minutely paints the fact,  
How chance, or Heaven, or Love did interpose ;  
Let others moralize, I've not the tact,  
And pass the sunflower by to pluck the rose.  
Now, unreserved, the youthful pair disclose  
That first important information, name ;  
Then birth-place, family, and soon dispose  
Of a long list of queries, of the same  
General import, which such introductions claim.

Sweet social intercourse, thou charm of life,  
Disposing hearts to friendship or to love,  
Smoothing asperities, and calming strife,  
As rivulets wear the rock o'er which they move ;  
Untamed by thee, mild spirit of the dove,  
Man still had been a brute :—Thy gentle spell,  
Invoked by Beauty from the world above,  
The rude unpolished savage doth compel,  
While rocks, and hills, and woods bend to the Orphean shell.

Winged with delight now flew the rosy hours,  
As, each with other pleased, did Cupid nurse ;  
Fancy arrayed the crested wave with flowers,  
Nor feared nor thought Hyperia of the worse  
Which might befall,—she only thought of verse,  
And nothing heard save music in the waves :  
No more it startled that they might immerse  
The ship, and press her down to those dark caves  
Shored in the silent deep, where landsmen find their graves.



She e'en forgot that danger had a name  
Of import on the sea, and in a spell  
Of pretty fancy, which her love did frame,  
Recalled the home where she was wont to dwell,—  
The grove, the winding stream, the fairy dell  
Her hands had dressed:—There would they promenade,  
Damon and Daphnis, when the winds' impel  
Had borne the ship to port.—So thought, or said,  
Or dreamed in bland repose the gentle-hearted maid.

And then the handsome sailor to present,  
Fair as Apollo, with the port of Mars;  
A dauntless brow, modest, yet still unbent,  
Save to the twinkling ray of those twin-stars,  
When Beauty, with her rosy smile, unbars  
The gates of love:—His name and scars would shew  
That he had seen some service in the wars,  
Lustred with honor,—passport, well she knew,  
To all the cordial welcome of a Southern Blue.

The birds' sweet matin, waking the young dawn,  
Should call them forth from silken-bound repose,  
To drink th' inspiring air from dewy lawn,  
Charged with the pèrfume of the gaudy rose,  
Jonquil, and morning-glories that uncloset  
Their purple goblets to the silent shower  
Of pearly-dropping night,—while Phœbus throws  
His golden mantle o'er each smiling flower,  
Rock, hill, and vale, and stream,—forest and foliaged bower.

Beneath the bosky rooflets of the grove,  
Reclined on mossy beds with violets fair,  
To list the silvery notes of joy and love  
Breathed by the warbling tenants of the air ;  
And all unfettered, or by pain or care,  
Responsive to the sylvan strains reply,  
While balmy gales on lightest pinion there,  
Murmured soft cadence as they fled by,—  
This were terrestrial bliss, she thought,—and so do I.

Anticipation is a charming feeling,  
Offspring of purple Hope and sweet Desire ;  
Like a bright rainbow o'er the senses stealing,  
Warmed with innocuous many-colored fire,  
Which lights the happiness it doth inspire :—  
Plodders of earth ne'er woo this brilliant fair,  
Who shames reality in her attire ;  
But I oft court the sprite, and must declare  
That raptures bloom amid her gardens of the air.

Orlando now was Beauty's willing slave :  
He read, he talked with her, and oft would tell  
The dangers he had passed upon the wave,  
When o'er the ship the storm of battle fell,  
And belching cannon roared the seaman's knell,—  
When hand to hand the fierce divisions fought,  
And victory hung doubtful o'er the swell ;—  
While she attent, like Desdemona, thought  
She ne'er before had heard such deeds of daring wrought.

And when bright Sol, retiring down the west,  
Laved in the ocean his last ray of light,  
With rosy parting left the world to rest,  
While sombre Evening lit the lamps of night;  
He led her to the deck, when Cynthia bright  
Illumed the wave, and from the mellow flute  
Breathed on the air a solo of delight;  
While she accompanied with voice and lute,  
And Ocean smiled amain, and listening winds were mute.

So at the dawn they left their berths below  
T' enjoy the ocean breeze, as fresh it blew,  
Wreathing the waves with crests, like feathery snow,  
Light as the vapor of the humid dew,  
Or silky down which paints the violet's hue:—  
While others courted sleep, these charmed the hour,  
And from the heart's ambrosial fountains drew  
Cups of bright joy, soul-sparkling, like the shower  
Fallen from April skies, impearled on leaf and flower.

Thus morn and evening found them side by side,  
That is, as near as strict propriety  
May tolerate.—I cannot tell how wide  
They sat apart; perhaps a yard might be  
The standard measure—quite a space at sea—  
As, reading in the cabin, both reclined  
At each end of a sofa or settee:—  
But when a sudden squall, or flaw of wind  
To leeward pitched the chairs, 'twere hard to be defined.

Such accidents are frequent on the wave,  
As, with a heavy lurch, the ship heels down ;  
When one will catch at any thing, to save  
One's self from falling, even prudes must own :  
And so Hyperia did, as she was thrown  
From her light balance, several times a-lee ;  
Of course, Orlando followed :—Thus 'tis shown  
How they were oft surprised, quite suddenly,  
Each in the other's arms, hurled by the treacherous sea !

Ten days were passed in unalloyed delight,  
As o'er the bounding wave the vessel drove ;  
The Hours on golden pinions fanned their flight,  
While Venus, hov'ring with her sacred dove,  
Bore in her arms the quivered god of Love.  
Blinded to danger, and each breast exposed,  
The wily archer marked them from above :—  
On friendship both had harmlessly reposed,  
Till the tale-telling eye the thrilling truth disclosed.

They were in love ! Deep in each heart the wound  
Which bleeds in sighs alone, yet pains the more,—  
Each heart in those enchanted fetters bound,  
Soft as the eider-down from Norway's shore,  
Pressed by Sultanas when their slaves adore,  
Yet strong as adamant,—th' enduring chain,  
Which binds the firmer as the longer wore :—  
Nor force nor fate can rend the bands in twain,  
While the warm pulse doth beat they ne'er dissolve again.

I've said they loved, and yet did pain to show it;  
For Love's a very dolt,—a shame-faced boy;  
I have had some experience, and I know it,  
And therefore speak advisedly:—*Ma foi*,  
As says the Frenchman, love's a painful joy,  
Combined of hopes and fears; and much abused  
A lady's heart is, till the lips employ  
That rhetoric which maiden ne'er refused  
When prest by welcome knight, from welcome knight excused.

Fortune, thou golden goddess, painted blind, (4)  
Why Love is bandaged too, I can't discover;  
For thy best gifts are charmingly combined  
When Love and Fortune meet with one another;—  
Thou and I never met; with Love, the rather,  
I've had a long acquaintance, and I would  
That Love and Fortune had been found together  
When I staked for the prize. Orlando wooed,  
And wealth and beauty won,—let this be understood.

Love in a palace, or a lowly cot,  
Love on the wave, or in the peaceful vale,—  
Mine be the love of rural-breathing spot,  
Warmed by May's ruby lip, fanned by the gale  
Of ardent Summer; where the sweets exhale  
From rustling grove, dense forest, airy hill,  
And field of waving corn, and flowery dale,—  
My music the soft tinkling of the rill,  
The note of Katy-did and the lone Whip-poor-will.

My charmer, fair as the voluptuous Queen  
Who wed the god that forged the bolts of Jove ;  
Chaste as the Huntress of the sylvan scene,  
Warm as the cherub-painted prince of Love ;  
Sweet as the Maiden who was wont to rove,  
Wreathed with the myrtle and the fleur-de-lis ;  
Tender, and true, and artless as the dove,—  
While care for her all other cares dismish,  
I'd envy none their good, content with my own bliss.

The storm came rushing from the concave high,  
The winds swept o'er the deep—the deep uprose ;  
The lightnings flashed, the thunders shook the sky,  
And bowed the vessel to her mighty foes !  
Hyperia, rudely startled from repose,  
And terror-struck, sought out her kindred knight,  
And all bewildered, innocently throws  
Herself into his arms,—as though her light  
And trembling form were safe within their sinewed might.

Th' affrighted maiden scarce knew what she did,  
As fear possessed, and quite unhinged her mind ;  
And when the truth flashed forth, for shame she hid  
Her burning cheek, where she lay still reclined  
Upon his bosom, helplessly resigned.  
How thrilled his breast, as in that slight embrace  
He gently held the fairest of her kind :—  
No time that blissful moment shall efface,  
While memory doth retain, or can the past retrace.



O WOMAN! In thy native purity,  
Flushed with bright hope, yet timid as the dove;  
Fated, yet sensitive, and bound, though free,  
Shrinking from danger in the arms of Love,—  
When plighted, heart and hand, with one to rove  
Th' uncertain field of life, scarce shalt thou fall;  
And woman's tried devotion well shall prove  
Her faith and truth,—no danger may appal,  
Nor sea, nor battle-field,—for him she braves it all.

Fast by his side she clings in weal or woe,  
And e'en through infamy, the stain of life;  
She wanders with her babes, content to go <sup>(5)</sup>  
Where'er his fortune lead, through toil and strife:  
She was, and is, and will, for aye a wife,  
Faithful, till death the mystic bond dissolve  
And leave her desolate:—Her heart is rife  
With all affection's noble, high resolve,  
Nor swerves from that true path, whate'er it may involve.

She walks in innocence in thought and deed,  
Chaste as the fervid Seraph of the sky;  
She loves,—an angel in the hour of need,  
And reads her honors in her partner's eye:  
Her cheek is crimsoned with the morning's dye,  
The blush of hope and joy,—not shame's impress,  
As in her arms affection's pledge doth lie,  
And adds another charm to loveliness,  
Sweet as the op'ning bud its parent stem to dress.



The pride of Chivalry shall bend to thee,  
Poets rehearse thy praise, and woman's name  
Rainbow the placid sky of memory,  
Fairest of all traced on the scroll of fame.  
Bride, Wife, and Mother, in her truth the same,  
Charming down Virtue from her home above:—  
Man shall award to her the holiest claim,  
Who forms his youth, bright honor to approve,  
And yields the crowning bliss,—her own undying love.

I speak of lovely, graceful woman here,  
Owned of fair Virtue in her bright review;  
Far different ones in Beauty's ranks appear,  
And mourns chaste Dian that they are not few.  
Alas! that such life's darkest path pursue,  
For whom the Graces veil themselves for shame,—  
Who wear no blush, but to their sex untrue,  
Cast foul reproach upon LUCRETIA'S fame,  
And sullied, heart and tongue, give her a doubtful name.

He gently calmed her fears, and bending down,  
Did whisper love:—"I live for thee alone,  
Nor would resign Hyperia for a crown,  
The gorgeous Ind, or Afric's golden zone.  
Within thy bosom be Orlando's throne,  
Thy heart the empire of his lordly sway,  
And thou, sole queen to reign within my own,  
And love with love the mutual tribute pay:—  
Fairest of thy fair sex, thy sweet acceptance say."

Her pallid cheek with crimson mantled o'er,  
As he in love's warm accents breathed his suit;  
Utterance were vain, yet blushes told the more,  
And her eyes babbled while her lips lay mute:—  
A more emphatic "yes" should none impute  
To maiden delicacy, than the eye  
With one bright glance, soft, melting, and acute,  
Launches assent; while, from her orbs' blue sky,  
Love's falling curtains drape her cheek with rosy dye.

Some dames perchance may be disposed to stare  
At this relation, which is quite as true  
As Dido's courtship; wond'ring how a fair  
And modest girl, a wealthy heiress too,  
Should so expose herself to public view,—  
Or that an amorous knight should undertake  
In such a place his love-game to pursue;  
When all the company were wide awake,  
Quite likely to observe, and strange remarks to make.

E'en let them stare, while I extol in song  
The dearest sentiment which sways the soul;—  
'Tis Heaven's impulse, and was never wrong,  
Whate'er fastidious ancient ones may troll  
Of strict propriety,—let such control  
The heart's best feelings, till their weary stage,  
Cold and unblest, hath reached the final goal  
In solitary gloom:—Love's heritage  
Shall crown our youth with bliss, and solace frosty age.



Painted by Cummings

Eng<sup>d</sup> on Steel by W E Tucker

THE WIFE



And, ladies, one word more, *nem. contra'cente* :  
Can youth from Nature's instincts guileless stray?  
She was eighteen, and he but four and twenty ;  
She, beauteous as the blushing dawn of May,  
He, bright and glowing as its risen day,  
Both matched in inward grace, and outward show :  
They were Love's blossoms,—should they fade away  
In fruitless bloom, chilled like the buds which grow  
On Jura's frosty height?—Pray answer, Yes, or No.

A truly modest woman I admire,  
Whose bosom is the cask of purity,—  
That talismanic spark of heavenly fire,  
Which shrinks, intuitive, from what may be  
Indelicate or rude ; but prudery  
With equal ardor I detest:—The gloom  
Of affectation chains the current free,  
And foils that sweetest grace, which doth illumine  
The cheek alone where Truth calls up the mantling bloom.

Fled are the golden hours of ruby Time,  
While the Coquette, abandoned now by those  
Whom she discarded in her blushing prime,  
Is thrown aside, like to a withered rose,  
And left to quarrel with her self-wrought woes :  
She never loved, and having learned to hate,  
From asp-envenomed tongue her slanders throws  
On her own sex, as, led in bridal state—  
The draperied pomp of Love—they enter wedlock's gate.

And now the hoarse-mouthed trumpet did recall  
Them back to recollection. Love's sweet charm  
Had bound them in a trance, thoughtless of all  
The terrors of the deep,—as if Love's arm  
Could calm the ocean and the winds disarm.  
The gale had reached its height, and rode the sea  
On the dark pinions of the rushing storm,  
That blanched the bravest cheek, while all a-lee  
The frowning billows rolled in giant majesty.

Again the rose forsook Hyperia's cheek,  
As from love's reverie she did awaken;  
And, like a drooping lily, faintly weak,  
She sank unnerved, with terror rudely shaken.  
The direful thought obtrudes,—“We are forsaken,  
Abandoned in the frightful-surgings deep!”  
How doubly sad, so quick to be o'ertaken  
With dark reverse, when she had ceased to weep,  
Just as the prattling Boy had lulled her fears to sleep.

Used to the storm-roused wave in tempest whirl,  
Orlando now, to reassure her, plied  
With naval rhetoric the frightened girl,  
And whispered,—“Thou shalt be a sailor's bride.”  
Her woman's fears the danger magnified,  
Albeit danger was, the brave might dread:  
Yet still the gallant ship behaved with pride,  
Sheer cut the crested billows as she sped,  
Now down the lee careened,—now topped the wave ahead.



She answered but with tears, hope taking flight,  
For sorrow companied with all below:—  
Some wrung their hands, some shrank in pale affright,  
Imploring Heaven in depth of silent woe!  
Mothers their little ones rocked to and fro,  
While the flushed cherubs wept in sympathy.  
Alas, for these! in childhood's joyous glow,  
To fade like violets on the rough-ploughed lea,—  
For death this night shall make their bed in the deep sea.

Ceased the sweet mourner her complains to frame,  
Powerless to curb the high-carcering wind,  
Or smooth the surge-tossed sea:—Her spirit came  
Sweetly in triumph of a trustful mind,  
As she in meek humility resigned  
Her all to Him whose eye the ship convoys;  
Who holds the subtle elements confined  
In fated bounds,—fixed and eternal laws,  
God of the storm and calm,—who rescues or destroys.

Divine Religion! From the realms above  
The Father of His creatures sends her down,  
Robed in sweet charity and holy love,  
And diadem'd with virtue's fadeless crown,  
To sway the sceptre of His moral throne  
O'er earth accursed! Her power upon the heart  
And mind we feel, as the tamed spirits own  
Her genial influences, which impart  
Grace to intelligence and excellence to art.



Wisdom's first lesson is the fear of Heaven :  
He who has learned it is no longer blind ;  
When to intelligence this grace is given,  
The Sun of righteousness illumines the mind :  
Our vision brightens, nature seems refined  
From matter's dross, and thousand charms revealed :  
When love to GOD hath taught to love mankind,  
All scenes are fair the changing seasons yield,  
And the wide world but one perennial blooming field.

Thus he enjoys terrestrial good, who feels  
From whence each charm and varied blessing flows :  
Taught by Religion, all his spirit kneels,  
Warms in his bosom, from his eyes o'erflows,  
And tunes his voice to praise:—Who pays, yet owes  
Homage to Him who makes the hills to bloom,  
The desert bud and blossom as the rose,—  
Who gives us Hope below, to cheer life's gloom,  
And guides to those bright realms prepared beyond the tomb.

Awhile Orlando had resigned his charge  
To aid upon the deck,—for now the gale  
Was riding in its height, and all at large,  
Against the struggling vessel did prevail,  
That could no longer bear her upper sail :—  
Fore, main, and mizzen-topsail now were furled,  
As she drove headlong o'er the briny vale,  
Low bending to the tempest, as it whirled  
The misty spray in air, torn from the watery world.

He with a seaman's eye the scene surveyed,  
Glanced at the spars, and the ship's motion scanned ;  
Then felt her helm, and finding that she made  
Fair weather, and was trim, and ably manned,  
Did nothing doubt that she might make the land :—  
She rode the billows like a wild sea-gull,  
Or tossed them from her bows on either hand ;  
And well secured in rigging, spars, and hull,  
Drove on before the gale, careless when it might lull.

Assured the ship would weather out the storm,  
He sought the object of his cares below,  
Freighted with tender words for her alarm,  
As he had left her a brief space ago,  
Weeping, like Niobe, away her woe ;—  
But she did meet him with a brow serene,  
And bright'ning eyes whose founts had barred their flow,  
While a sweet smile, which stole her lips between,  
Illumed an angel's face where Beauty sat sole queen.

Surprised, yet pleased at such an unexpected  
And happy change, where all so late was grief,  
He wondered much how it had been effected,  
When love's warm rhetoric, though somewhat brief,  
Had failed to yield the weeping girl relief ;  
And though perplexed, declared himself most blest,  
And very happy,—adding his belief,  
That she was destined for a sailor's breast,  
Who could be calm where all around her were distress.

She bent on him her eyes of fascination,  
That mocked the azure of the clear blue sea ;  
Those eyes of beauty, formed for admiration,  
Against which youth had poor security  
When shot their glances barbed for victory :—  
The smile of May her ruby lips did part,  
Sweet as the embryo blossom on the tree ;  
While Love his rosy hue sent from her heart,  
Suffused her lily check, and shamed the glow of art.

How beautiful is Virtue !—fairer far  
Than all the pomp and glitter of the earth,  
Than princely coronet, or glory's star,  
The boast of learning, or the pride of birth.  
She charms in sorrow, purifies in mirth,  
In danger calms, and triumphs in dismay ;—  
Here Virtue's votary shall prove her worth,  
Above the wealth the miser's hoards display,  
When life's dissolving bands cast loose the bark of clay.

And now Hyperia would go on deck,  
To view th' embattled terrors of the deep ;—  
No longer trembling with the fear of wreck,  
She felt that curiosity to peep,  
Which in her sex is seldom laid asleep ;  
And proff'ring to Orlando her fair hand—  
Which he at first interpreted to keep—  
She signified her wish ; at which command  
He bowed his readiness, and led her up the stand.

His left arm did encircle her light waist,  
Her right upon his shoulder, grasping, laid,—  
The winds her wand'ring tresses had displaced,  
That round her snowy neck in ringlets played :—  
He, like a hero stood, in danger stayed,  
Sustaining Beauty,—as when regal Mars  
On Cyprus' top for Venus stands arrayed,  
While round the coral base stern Neptune wars,  
Jealous, but impotent to force the guarding bars.

And here I leave the Lovers for a time,  
Well braced to windward of the mizzen-mast ;  
Hyperia gazing on the scene sublime,  
Where rode Æolus on the rushing blast,—  
The white-capp'd billows toppling o'er the vast,  
The lightning's flash, the thunder's brazen roar,  
And the bowed heav'n with darkness overcast !—  
Orlando, bending his fair mistress o'er,  
And, in a trance of love, dreaming they were on shore.

The winds were hushed, the ocean owned the charm,  
The clouds rolled backward and unveiled the sky ;  
Shone out refulgent Sol, spent was the storm,  
And all the elements at peace did lie.  
A grateful rapture beamed from ev'ry eye,  
As passed the danger with the gale away ;  
Called back the late-fled smile, dispelled the sigh,  
Lit up the brow, around the lip did play,  
And cheeks did bloom again, and gentle hearts were gay.

Once more the ship, in flowing canvas dressed,  
Courts the soft pinion of the southern wind,  
And like a Nautilus by zephyr pressed—  
Freighted with sweets to the Nereids consigned—  
Light skims the wave and leaves the foam behind.  
They raise the steam the windward to regain,  
And with free bowline leave her unconfined ;  
While down the west bright Phœbus rolls his train,  
And dips his golden wheels beneath the azure main.

A universe is spread above the sea,  
As if of diadem on diadem,  
Glowing from out the blue immensity,  
Myriads of sparkling orbs ; each orb a gem,  
Adorned by Him whose fiat marshalled them  
To pave with jewelry the fields of light,  
Where “ God hath set His throne ! ”—The apothegm  
Is His, sustaining, ever warm and bright,  
The gorgeous hierarchs and wonders of His might.

“ Splice the main-brace ! ” (6) The word is passed along,  
And welcomed fore-and-aft,—the hardy crew,  
Weary and wet, around the capstan throng,  
And tip the flowing can of “ mountain dew.”  
Th’ enliv’ning beverage is handed through  
The laughing knots around,—nor backward they  
To yield the nectar all the honors due ;—  
Not such as roisterers to Bacchus pay,  
But quite domestic, like a closing harvest-day.

Let no reproach attach to this exploit  
Of female condescension I relate;  
For the rude liquid they cared not a doit,  
And merely sipped a little, quite *au fait*,  
Mixed nautical by the ship's second mate:—  
It was in compliment to those brave men,  
Breasting the storm so gallantly of late,  
The ladies pledged a health,—at which I ken,  
The tars refilled the can where Beauty's lip had been.

And did Hyperia raise the flowing can  
To these swarth navigators of the deep?  
She did, while o'er her charming features ran  
That courteous sweetness which should never sleep:—  
Graceful she bent, and half inclined to weep,  
Smiled on the weather-beaten gallant crew,  
The swelling gratitude she scarce could keep  
Within the fountains of her orbs of blue,—  
Two pearly drops that fell did consecrate the "dew."

"Ladies take liquor!"—There's an exclamation  
From some pale Deborah, with upturned eyes,  
Who, while she "wonders" at the profanation,  
Complains of heartburn, and thence straight applies  
Her ready medicine—which I advise  
Her to take less of—gin and wormwood bitters.  
Alas! th' hypocrisy which sanctifies  
The rare fastidious beauties, Nature's debtors,  
Who live but to impale and scandalize their betters.



Nor be it thought the Muse doth here upbraid  
The courteous fair, who, ere her youth hath flown,  
Is fated still to blossom and to fade  
In maiden solitude:—Her worth is known  
In meek-eyed charities, so stilly prone  
To all the gentle courtesies of life;  
And blest were many a wight, in attic lone,  
Could he, from such fair phalanx, in love's strife,  
Win that best boon of Heaven, life's bosom friend, a Wife.

Some gaze upon the wide-spanned dome above,  
Lit with unnumbered lamps of living light;  
While other eyes o'er the blue waters rove,  
And mark the calm in reveries of delight.  
Refreshing airs play round the brow of night,—  
While fond anticipations cheer the breast,  
Of favoring winds, the morrow dawning bright,  
The ship in easy course, no longer pressed,  
Till, moored within the port, both ship and voy'gers rest.

Some muse of home, the friends beloved so well,  
Long parted, and with studious thought retrace  
Scenes far away,—the grove, the flowery dell,  
The cottage roof, each well-remembered place,  
And many a smiling, unforgotten face,  
The playmates of life's spring:—The spirit yearns  
To clasp them in the warm, the fond embrace.  
While faithful memory the past discerns,  
For home, delightful home, the ardent bosom burns.







Some seek repose, whence they shall wake no more,  
Till the last trump arouse the sleeping dead !  
E'en now remorseless Death is hovering o'er  
The fated ship, with sable pinion spread.  
Atropos waits to cut the fatal thread,  
Whence life suspends above the yawning grave:  
Youth, beauty, loveliness, the hoary head,  
Childhood and innocence, no arm may save,—  
Supine shall be their sleep beneath the dark-blue wave.

Now rose the orb'd Sultana of the night,  
Her silver tresses dripping in the main ;  
O'er the vast concave threw a smile of light,  
And veiled in pearly sheen the starry train :—  
A few, her sparkling retinue, remain  
To wait upon their Queen, as down the air  
She bends in beauty o'er her wide domain,  
Smiles on the sleeping Isles, absolved from care,  
And in the deep surveys her charms reflected there.

Diana rules the night :—It is the hour  
When Love does homage to the wakeful Queen ;  
When Beauty dons her charms, like that fair flower,  
Night-blooming Cereus, of graceful mien ;  
When Donnas list behind the lattice green,  
Their gallants' vows breathed from the light guitar,  
Which float voluptuous through the slender screen,  
Disarm reserve, the casement soft unbar,  
Till the last kiss is waved beneath the morning star.

Ye Tropic vales, bowers of unfading green,  
Blooming for aye through all the joyous year,  
Where Spring and Autumn hand in hand are seen,  
Like a fair maiden and a robust peer,—  
Flower-wreathed, leaf-canopied, and piled with cheer,  
The golden orange and the purple grape;  
While forth the shadowed dells gush fountains clear,  
And court the burning thirst its fire to slake,—  
Ye Tropic vales and groves, where love and beauty wake:—

Oft have I strayed among your sylvan bowers,  
Filled with the odor of the bending hills,  
Kissed by the breeze from thousand beds of flowers,  
And cooled along the gelid mountain rills,  
Where the tall palm its nectarine distils:—  
And oft, when sailing on the sluggish deep,  
As night came on with all her sultry ills,  
The grateful land-breeze o'er the wave would creep,  
Perfume the deck, and cheer the hours of watch and sleep.

And O, could buoyant youth return once more,  
With garnered truths, won from the weary years;  
The winds should waft me to some distant shore  
Moored in the wave, whose charming verdure cheers  
The advent of the morn, and life endears,  
T' enjoy the cheerful calm of sober age,  
Free from its wants, its weaknesses and fears;—  
Where Nature shows an ever-blooming page,  
And smiles upon the hoary billows as they rage.

The noblest feeling of th' ingenuous heart  
Is gratitude ; the passionless desire,  
Which is most blest when it doth most impart,  
When humbled most still highest doth aspire,  
And breathes its rapture forth from lips of fire !—  
Heaven smiles upon the offering, from above,  
The sacrifice of thanks to earth's great Sire ;  
Like Horeb's bush, that burned amid the grove,  
The spirit triumphs in the flame of heavenly love.

There are on board, who bow to Ocean's King,  
And yield th' obedience their Maker's due ;  
Whose dearest bliss is His high praise to sing,—  
Who trust His promised word.—They are but few ;  
But rich in virtue, which they did pursue,  
This night shall take their journey for the skies ;  
The struggle brief which closes to their view  
The scenes of Time, which they did not o'erprize,  
And, from their transient sleep, shall wake in Paradise.



CANTO THIRD.



## Argument.

THE UNLETTERED MUSE.—The Majesty of Nature.—The Uncertainty of Life.—The Presence of God.—Last Moments of Probation.—Heaven's Mercy Invoked.—The Catastrophe.—The Cry of Woe.—Struggles of the Dying.—Death Triumphant.—Silence upon the Deep.—Peace to the Dead; Hope to the Living.—The Surviving Pair.—Orlando's Somerset.—His sudden Wrath.—His Thoughts revert to Hyperia.—Sentimentalizing in Jeopardy.—Hyperia's Descent upon the Sea.—Her Presence of Mind.—Secures herself to a Fragment of the Wreck.—Orlando joins her.—The Mournful Meeting.—Hyperia's Burst of Sorrow.—Orlando Encourages her.—They Supplicate Heaven.—Dawn of the First Morning.—They Despond.—Hyperia suffers from Thirst.—She Sinks.—Orlando's Grief.—Bethinks him how to Save her.—The Red Rovers.—The Arm-Chest.—Strength of Despair.—The Grateful Vision.—Hyperia Revives.—Her Gratitude.—Overhauling a Prize.—The Blissful Draught.—The Wandering Arab.—The Wrecked Mariner.—Sunset.—Orlando's Watch.—Midnight at Sea.—Ruminates on the Loss of Fortune.—Is Comforted.—The Second Dawn.—Hyperia Urges her Lover to take Repose.—His Reply.—The Mutual Desire.—The Twin Rose-Buds.—Orlando's Request.—Hyperia's Acquiescence.—THE BETROTHAL.—Hovering Presence of Love.—Calm of the Elements.—The Bird of Hope.—Tenderness of the Lovers.—On Soundings.—Twilight.—Overcome with Fatigue, the Affianced Pair Supplicate the Protection of Heaven.—They Sink upon the Wreck in Deep Slumber.—The Mournful Bridal Couch.—The Sound of Distant Surf.—Fragrant Music of the Land Breeze.—Fancy's Flight.—The Guiding Tritons.

## Canto Third.

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UNLETTERED, wandering wide, I court the Muse,  
The fortunes of two Lovers to rehearse,  
And cull poetic flowers of many hues,  
To deck my story with the charms of verse ;—  
Expressive language, dignified and terse,  
I aim at, and the sentiment sublime,  
In unchecked numbers flowing,—free, diverse,  
Careless the sound should chord in studied chime,  
But anxious that the sense should echo to the rhyme.

For I was nursed amid romantic glens,  
Where springs the mossy knoll, the fragrant lea ;  
Rude hills, green dells, dark forests, humid fens,  
With all the wild, enchanting imagery  
Of untamed Nature ; and I love to see  
Creation in its own and master forms,—  
Mountain and vale, light shrub and stately tree,  
Torrent and rivulet,—whatever charms,  
Calm sunshine, gentle gales, or the tempestuous storms.

Of dogmas penned, or uttered by the breath  
Of prophet, there is none more true than this,—  
That “in the midst of life we are in death !”  
And the next moment may the soul dismiss  
To its eternal home of pain or bliss,  
Of weal or woe, of triumph or despair :—  
So frail our tenure then, ’twere not amiss  
To scan the confines of life’s empire, where  
Existence trembles on a breath of doubtful air.

In childhood’s budding hour, youth’s rosy morn,  
And manhood’s radiant day, Time, as he flies,  
Bears the drawn sword, menacing all that’s born,  
The strong, the weak, the simple and the wise,—  
Strikes every moment, and a being dies !  
The fated brand suspends o’er every head,  
And while we feel secure Death’s missive flies !  
From youth to age upon a hair we tread,—  
A hair but separates the living from the dead !

Surely it is a fearful thing to stand  
In God’s immediate presence !—who may gaze  
Upon Omnipotence ! Th’ angelic band  
Veil their immortal eyes beneath the rays  
Of uncreated Light.—In rapt amaze,  
On bended knee, enclasped with triple wing,  
Before the LORD OF HOSTS, ANCIENT OF DAYS,  
Their Amaranthine crowns of light they fling,  
And “Holy ! Holy !” cry, in ceaseless choral hymn.

The hour is up!—the flying hand of Time  
Marks the last moment of probation!—Now  
High Heaven have mercy! nor remember crime,  
Nor venial sin, nor careless broken vow,  
Nor conscious guilt which pales upon the brow:  
High Heaven have mercy! while the rushing steam,  
Borne on the wing of Death, shrouds all below;  
And the proud ship is shattered, length and beam,  
Like to a bubble burst upon a rippling stream.

Hark! from the sullen deep a fearful sound,  
That dies away where echo ne'er replies:—  
Clouds of hot vapor wreath the vessel round,  
And, like a midnight fog, obscure the skies.  
The ship's a wreck!—in scattered fragments lies,  
A smoking ruin on the combing swell!  
The red flues have collapsed! destruction flies  
Swift as the desolating bolt that fell  
On that ill-fated boat,—the lost, the mourned Moselle!

A moment past, and the proud ship was gliding  
Like a swift dolphin, through the yielding seas—  
A moment past, and Beauty all confiding,  
Smiling like Hebe, and intent to please,  
Poured her bland voice upon the wafting breeze.  
Where are they now?—the lovely and the brave,  
The staid, the gay, so late in health and ease?—  
Some in their berths below have found a grave,  
Some toss upon the surge, some struggle down the wave!

O what a cry of woe burst from the deep !  
What shrieks of terror pierced the vaulted sky !  
What icy chills around each heart did creep,—  
What black despair gleamed from each straining eye !  
Some, flayed alive, upon the waters lie,  
And writhe and groan in agony of pain :—  
O it were mercy now bestowed, to die,  
And sink unconscious down th' unfathomed main,  
For life is misery,—death is the wretch's gain !

Some vainly grapple with the burning wreck,  
Which, slowly settling, tends the wave below;  
While others, maddened in life's sudden check,  
Blaspheme their God ! and the last hope forego,  
Despairing in th' extremity of woe !  
A few resigned upon the waters lie,  
And gazing upward with a dying throe,  
Await their dissolution drawing nigh,—  
Their thoughts transferred to realms beyond the distant sky.

The dying boy invokes his sinking sire,  
The struggling sire no foothold may recover,—  
Husband and wife in either's arms expire,  
In either's arms, the maiden and her lover ;—  
Strangers and friends are calling to each other,  
Childhood imploring aid,—alas ! in vain !  
The dashing seas each cry of anguish smother,  
Hearts cease to beat, and voices to complain,  
And Death sits paramount,—triumphant on the main !

Silence is on the deep!—save the dull moan  
Of the dirge-chanting wind and combing swell ;  
While bends night's Goddess from her azure zone,  
To kiss th' enamored wave that owns her spell.  
For the lone dead there tolls no funeral bell,  
Nor hearse, nor pall, nor mourning friends appear :—  
Th' affrighted sea-bird screams their passing knell,  
Upon whose grave no flowers the Spring shall rear,  
But sea-weed floats around to deck their watery bier.

The winds shall waft this ruin o'er the wave  
To ears attent upon the Western shore ;  
Some hearts shall break, and find an early grave,  
Some spirits wearily their loss deplore,  
Till memory fail, or life's last sob is o'er.  
The anxious sire, the trembling wife, shall wait  
Vainly their coming who are now no more !  
Sire, husband, wife are more than desolate :  
No signal of the ship,—shrouded in gloom her fate.

Peace to the dead!—hope to the living be.  
A pair survive the wreck, whom Love redeems,—  
A youthful pair are floating on the sea,  
Unscathed amid the shock that broke the dreams,  
And woke the fearful and despairing screams  
Of many a hapless one, unconscious now  
Of pleasure or of pain.—The moon's soft beams  
With silvery halo bathe each living brow,  
Where hope triumphing seems amid the overthrow.



Locked arm in arm upon the quarter-deck,  
And gazing at the stars, the Lovers stood,  
When ship, and crew, and passengers a-wreck,  
Were wildly strewed upon the briny flood.  
The maid was thrown to windward, not o'er rude,  
Descending daintily upon the sea ;  
The lover, hurled aloft in rougher mood,  
Described a somerset,—or two, 't might be,—  
And plunging headlong, cut the billows far a-lee.

Came the terrific shock so unexpected,  
For a brief moment he lay quite confused ;  
Until his scattered senses had collected,  
When, finding himself in the sea, he mused  
How he came there—being totally unused  
To such displays of witchery :—And then  
Grasping a spar, that his left shoulder bruised  
As it came booming o'er some drowning men,  
He pondered out the fact where he so late had been.

Here I must say, as consciousness returned,  
And he had rid his stomach of the brine,  
Finding himself all trim, not even burned,  
But merely bathing—he could not divine  
Precisely where, save northward of the line—  
He felt, quite naturally, a little riled  
To be ejected thus in the moonshine :—  
Besides, the voyagers of the pathless wild,  
To steamers or to steam are seldom reconciled.



Half stifled by the seething vapory cloud,  
That, like Egyptian darkness, might be felt ;  
He let a volley of his wrath aloud, (¹)  
As with each hot inspire his lungs were swelt,—  
Hoping just Heaven had retribution dealt  
To the engineer, the author of this slaughter ;  
And in the same breath wishing Fulton smelt,  
Or ever he had launched his paddling daughter,—  
And then, to cool his throat, he swallowed some salt-water.

His calm thought was Hyperia :—O where  
Was she, the dearest object of his soul !  
Had Death, in this dread onslaught, pierced his fair,  
Marred her young bloom, and from love's vision stole  
The brightness of her eyes ?—A tear did roll  
Adown his manly cheek, unblenched with fear,  
Save for the maiden's fate. If her life's goal  
Were passed in this sad hour, then all most dear  
To his fond heart, lay stretched upon a watery bier !

And then he thought that he himself would die,  
And follow her to the Elysian groves,  
Blooming amid the immortal Isles that lie  
In Heaven's untravelled sea ; where Beauty roves,  
Knit with the Graces and rejoicing Loves,  
Amid eternal Spring :—that happy land  
Rainbowed with bliss ; whence being ne'er removes,  
Where charm replies to charm on either hand,  
And mated beings rove in many a sparkling band :—

Or on the shores recumbent, pair by pair,  
Breathe the perfume the mossy beds exhale,  
Mingling with sweets from blooming vistas fair,  
Borne on the lightest pinions of the gale :—  
Where music leads the Hours o'er hill and dale,  
By flowery banks where silver Naiads stray,  
And whispering shades that bend upon the vale ;  
While cloudless skies smile on the wide survey,  
And stretch their azure domes o'er never-waning day.

But this poetic feeling could not last,—  
Few men will choke for sentiment alone ;  
The while he grappled with the swaying mast,  
And a huge billow o'er his head was thrown,  
Forcing him, though unwilling, to gulp down  
A quart or two of ocean's bitter brine ;  
He did begin to think him of his own  
Self-preservation, and thereto to incline,  
As not quite willing yet this being to resign.

And then a thought, that thrilled through all love's realm,  
Flashed on his soul :—Might not the maiden be—  
Saved in the shock that did the ship overwhelm—  
Like him, now floating on the desert sea ?  
Hope grasps at airy phantoms rapturously  
When battling with despair ; and nerved again,  
With trumpet-tongue, that pierced the windward free,  
He called "Hyperia !" nor called in vain,—  
She lists her Lover's voice, and echoes back her plain.

Hyperia, I have said, was thrown a-weather,—  
Her airy form, so delicate and light,  
Fell on the waters like a buoyant feather  
Dropped from the wing of sea-bird, in its flight  
Scanning the beauty of the Tropic night.  
Her robe of silk, inflated by the breeze,  
Close-buckled at the waist, and water tight,  
Spread like a parasol upon the seas,  
And buoyed her safely up,—albeit not quite at ease.

Alike confounded in the dreadful shock,  
The wild dismay, the stern despair that frowned ;  
She thought at first the ship had struck a rock,  
And all on board were drowning, or were drowned :—  
The hot convolving cloud which rolled around,  
Veiled from her eyes th' extent of ruin dire ;  
Till yielding to the breeze, and leeward bound,  
It gave the wreck to view, shrouded in fire,  
A beacon, horror lit !—an ocean funeral pyre !

Presence of mind, when danger or dismay  
Startle the soul, and with oblivion drear  
Menace the springs of life, is a bright ray  
Of heaven-born virtue. She was void of fear,  
Who, when a tiger crouched the party near,  
And drew his haunches for the deadly leap,  
Full in the monster's face, unfurled the sphere  
Of her light parasol :—Backward to creep  
The frightened beast essayed, and sought his jungle keep.

A heavy fragment of the quarter-deck  
Came booming by the maid, to which she clung,  
And to a ring-bolt of the passing wreck  
Made fast her shawl ; one end around her flung,  
And knotted at her waist :—And thus she hung,  
Or rather floated, while the current bore  
The gentle beauty and her craft among  
The dying and the dead, whose nearest shore  
Is down the pathless depths, where sleepers wake no more.

To his hoarse call her treble voice responds  
In dulcet notes, which stream along the air ;—  
Music to him, enchained in love's sweet bonds,  
The willing vassal of the peerless fair.  
Th' attendant winds the maiden's accents bear  
O'er the rude surges, to his list'ning ear :—  
“ She lives ! she lives ! Her safety be my care,  
Upheld by Thee, whose voice the billows hear,  
Bow down their crested heads, and stay their wild career !”

He was a noble swimmer, and was wont  
At home to stem Potomac's rapid tide,  
As erst Leander did the Hellespont,  
To hold love's watch with his affianced bride :—  
Plunging, he threw the dashing spars aside,  
Breasting the surge and climbing o'er the swell,  
And gaining soon his gentle mistress' side,  
Cheered the brave girl,—who, in the rude-rung knell  
Of pallid death, had shown a lady's bearing well.

They met amid stern danger, death, and woe;  
Yet, while they joyed to meet for love's sweet sake,  
The huge-wrung sorrow, like an overflow,  
Burst from each bosom as each heart would break:—  
For ah! the wreck!—themselves alone awake,  
All others sleeping in a fearful grave!  
And ah! the night!—through its dread reign to make  
Their doubtful bed upon th' unstable pave,  
Uncertain morning's smile should greet them on the wave.

The fragment of the ship that now became  
The barge of Love, whereon a maiden lay,  
Fairer than Egypt's most voluptuous dame,  
When to Marc Antony she bent her way  
On Cydnus' wave,—this barge, I mean to say,  
Was fairly furnished; "victualled" is the term  
Old salts make use of, when they would convey  
A pithy meaning.—Fast thereon, all firm,  
The arm-chest held its place, and proved their safety's germ.

A spar he lashed on either side the raft,  
To hold it steady in the rolling sea,  
And with an oar to guide the slender craft—  
If some blest shore should loom beneath their lee—  
They drifted from the scene of misery,  
Guarded by Love, and Providence their guide:—  
The tigers of the deep were ranging free,  
And feasting on the dead, while far and wide  
The silver-crested waves now swell and now subside.

With streaming eyes Hyperia turned toward  
The dark-blue field of death :—" Farewell !" she said,  
" Farewell ye lost ones of my heart's regard,  
Whose transient friendship, so endeared, is wed  
To my last memory, which mourns the dead !  
Farewell to manly youth, and hoary sire,  
And lovely maid, stretched on the lifeless bed !  
Farewell the gallant crew !—What ruin dire  
Hath chilled the purple tide, and quenched the vital fire !

" O my beloved parents !—whom no more  
My voice shall call to greet the dewy morn,  
When Summer's gorgeous pride has mantled o'er  
The waving forest and the bending corn :—  
Here on dread ocean wrecked, and all forlorn,  
How would your bosoms yearn our fate to know,—  
The fearful terrors wind and wave suborn  
Around Hyperia in helpless woe !—  
For ah ! o'er this dread sea there bends no promise-bow !

" Farewell beloved companion of my youth,  
The joyous mate of childhood's vernal days,  
Whose heart was love, whose gentle spirit truth,  
Meekness and spotless purity thy praise,—  
Dear sister of my soul !—thy memory lays  
In my heart's core, that swells with agony  
To burst its bands in frightful, dread amaze,  
And o'er the dark, terrific-mantled sea,  
Fly from despair and woe, to safety, love, and thee !



“Farewell the breezy hills, the sylvan bowers,  
The vocal dells, the valleys of perfume,—  
My rural walks, my grottoes, and my flowers,  
These hands have tended from their earliest bloom :—  
Farewell the charm,—the bliss of happy home,  
The springs of rapture, all the founts of love ;  
The blushing dawn, the twilight’s soft’ning gloom,  
Where peace descending, brooded like a dove :—  
Farewell my hopeful youth, blight as the leafless grove !”

Thus mourned the hapless maid, with terror bowed,  
That blanched her glist’ning cheek, and chilled her breast.  
Despair enwraps her, like a mighty cloud  
That veils the heaven with tempest and unrest,  
While cowering Nature shrinks away oppressed.  
Orlando, as she ended her deplore,  
In tones of gentle soothing love confessed,  
Calmed the desponding girl, and lightly bore  
The current of her thought toward safety and the shore.

“Southeast, the course to which we tend, there lie (2)  
A cluster known as the Bahamas, where  
Unfading Spring, beneath a tropic sky,  
Smiles in the bloom she did in Eden wear :—  
Cool are the streams, and grateful viands there,  
Pendant in shade, th’ eternal banquet spread  
In fragrant bowers, where sea-winds fan the air  
On lightest pinion, and the moss-grown bed  
Courts the wrecked mariner to rest his weary head.



“Distrust not Heaven:—When raged the fearful storm,  
And other danger swept the foaming sea,  
Strength from on high sustained and nerved thy form,  
Subdued thy fears, unbound thy spirit free,  
And in the impending hour thyself taught me.  
Trust as thou trustedst then,—resign, my fair,  
While my best courage is confirmed by thee;  
And kneel we, to implore His guardian care,  
Whose sway controls the deep, and bids us not despair.”

And there they knelt beneath the midnight sky  
That canopied the sea,—to Him they bent,  
Who marks each billow with a sleepless eye,  
The ship secure, and her by tempest rent.  
“LORD of the deep! from thy bright firmament,  
Towards us on this dread ocean bend thine ear,  
And in this hour of terror and lament,  
Vouchsafe for our deliverance to appear,  
And calm the breasts that own Thy guardian presence near.”

Freshened the breeze into a gentle gale,  
That from Cape Hatteras came flying free,  
Curled the blue wave, and swelled the snowy sail  
Of many a tall ship steering o’er the sea:—  
The current tending southward rapidly,  
Bore them all night obliquely from the west,  
Past eastern Hispaniola down the lee,  
Towards the green isles that gem the ocean’s breast  
Midway bright Cancer’s rule, where transient vessels rest.

And now they trust soon to be wafted o'er  
The restless Gulf to that delightful strand,—  
Those flowery isles, whose coral-circled shore  
Is touched by ocean with a gentle hand.  
Some vessel might observe them, and command  
The joyful rescue from the dangerous deep :  
Thus hope charmed either breast in whispers bland  
And dried Hyperia's tears, scarce held to weep,  
As some rude-crested wave o'er the light craft did sweep.

The morning broke upon their longing eyes,  
And tipped the billows with ethereal gold ;  
The friendly clouds, tinged with acanthian dyes,  
Up the horizon their light trains infold,  
And with soft fleecy shells the zenith mould.  
Old Ocean smiled, the pearl-winged tropic-bird  
Light skimmed the wave, that touched by zephyr, rolled  
Along its azure way, and gently stirred  
The blooming submarine, where breeze was never heard.

Far o'er the billows to the horizon's verge,  
Circling the boundless sea, they bent their eyes  
With eager glance, if o'er the swelling surge  
Some ship's white sail might loom beneath the skies,  
Perceive their peril, and relief devise.  
But hope in disappointment ebb'd away,  
Nor hull nor canvas o'er the waters rise :—  
The suffering fair one sinks in sad dismay,  
For ah ! 'tis but the first, not the last wretched day.

Orlando knelt beside the fainting girl,  
Moaning disconsolate:—For water she  
In plaintive accents calls, as round them curl  
The briny billows of the thirsty sea.  
O for a cooling draught!—one cup would be  
Worth all the world beside! as from on high,  
The king of day in burning majesty  
From fierce Aquarius gleams, and hotly dry,  
His flaming chariot wheels along the brazen sky.

In grief he bent the drooping lily o'er,  
And bathed her brow in the Gulf's tepid stream,—  
Unconscious she her misery to deplore,  
Her senses struggling through a feverish dream.  
To shield her from the fiery-wingéd beam,  
He rigged the oar, and to the slender mast  
Bent her light Cashmere shawl, while one extreme  
Stretched aft, and to a ready ring made fast,  
A slight, but grateful shade o'er the wan slumberer cast.

And now, as from the wave in sportive glee  
Leap the plump albercole on either hand,  
And, darting from the bosom of the sea,  
The flying-fish their dripping wings expand,  
And skim the surge as swallows skim the land,—  
The sailor, seated on the arm-chest, eyed  
Them wistfully; and wishing for a brand,  
To deal a death-blow, and relief provide,  
Bethought him suddenly whence he might be supplied.

When the Red Rovers, red with human gore, <sup>(3)</sup>  
Their light feluccas armed for bloody gain,  
Launched from the wild, untravelled Carib shore,  
And inlets deep—a masked and numerous train  
Indenting Cuba's coast—where it were vain  
To force pursuit, and held unmastered sway  
O'er all the Gulf and down the Spanish Main,  
Ships bound that course prepared for deadly fray,  
And, armed like men-of-war, steered on their doubtful way.

But now no more these scourges of the deep,—  
Chased from the sea, and hunted from the land,  
In ignominious death the monsters sleep,  
Their bones unburied, bleaching on the sand.  
Beauty and childhood, innocently bland,  
Tremble no more, as when the pirate's barge,  
With fierce and bloody-handed outlaws manned,  
Boarded the ship in sanguinary charge!  
Secure from danger now, the packets sail at large.

The chest, a massive frame of seasoned oak,  
Was locked,—but what are locks against despair?  
With stern and conquering strength the bolts he broke,  
And laid the well-secured interior bare.  
Nor cutlass, pike, or battle-axe was there;  
But in their stead a vision burst to light,  
More welcome to the wrecked and fainting pair,  
Than heaps of shining gold to miser's sight,  
Or Hymen's torch to those whom love's soft bands unite.

A cry of joy, which from Orlando burst,  
Aroused the dying girl:—"Despair no more!  
Heaven sends relief!—water to quench thy thirst:  
Drink, my beloved, revive thee, and adore!"  
Within the arm-chest had been placed a store  
Of cordials, food, and water, to sustain  
Life in th' event of wreck we here deplore;  
And secret held where erst the arms had lain,  
Prepared for self-defence when pirates roved the main.

A grateful cordial soon revived the maid,  
Braced her weak nerves, and woke the latent fire;  
A draught of water then her thirst allayed,  
That madd'ning thirst, which owns but one desire, <sup>(4)</sup>  
To drink,—drink deep,—and in the bliss expire!  
She clasped her hands, she raised her dewy eyes,  
She bent her knee, and blessed her Heavenly Sire:  
Let Atheists mock and boasting fools despise,  
Bound in the maiden's strait, how low the braggart lies!

The charming girl restored, the sailor sat  
Him down, and coolly overhauled his prize;  
Now tasted this, and now examined that,  
Peering about the chest with curious eyes.  
One ruby-visaged flask, of portly size,  
Of most rare qualities did seem possessed—  
The favorite beverage of Charles the Wise— <sup>(5)</sup>  
Old, generous Bourbon; to which he addressed  
Himself with ready zeal, as doubtless hath been guessed.

Now rising hopes in either bosom glow,  
And charm life's playful pulse, that beats again  
In ruddy harmony,—the seraph flow  
Of gratitude to Heaven supreme doth reign,  
Which interposed when other aid were vain.  
Who feeds the ravens doth for them provide,  
And spreads a table on the desert main,—  
Beneath His eye securely they abide,  
Whose arm shall bear them safe o'er ocean's briny tide.

As day declines, the breeze comes stealing o'er  
The glassy deep, and shivers their light sail—  
The maiden's shawl bent to the flexile oar,—  
Which swells before th' ethereal pinioned gale.  
From the northwest the welcome airs prevail,  
And, ere descending Sol hath reached the verge  
That bounds the wave, they pass the Gulf's rough trail,  
And rising on the broad Atlantic surge,  
O'er the long-rolling swells toward the Bahamas urge.

How precious is the sweet and limpid stream  
That ripples o'er each lip, and cools the veins  
In their remotest bound!—It is no dream,  
'Tis waking, living bliss! While life retains,  
Or rapturous love the grateful heart constrains,  
This hour to memory shall sacred be.  
Not luxury, from all her fertile plains,  
Spreads such a feast in hall of revelry,  
As Heaven unlocks for these lone wanderers of the sea.



Delicious beverage ! dipped from the spring,  
Sweet bubbling forth beneath the shady wood,—  
When, Summer fired, the thirsty-beaming king  
Sucks the moist glebes and drinks the swollen flood,  
The priceless worth was there ne'er understood.  
Beneath the shade some tiny rivulets glide,  
And nightly dews upon the sward are strewed ;  
While gelid streams gush from the mountain side,  
And down the craggy steep in foaming cascades ride.

The Arab, wandering on the arid seas,  
That, like a broad unbounded ocean lie ;  
Where hot siroccos sweep,—a fiery breeze,  
Before whose wing the sandy billows fly ;  
Stretched on the waste beneath a flaming sky,  
For one deep draught, cool gushing from the spring,  
Would gratefully resign, and joyful die !  
This is the thirst which bears the bitter sting,  
Against whose sufferance life were a worthless thing !

So the wrecked mariner, through the long day  
Floats on the wave beneath the burning Line,  
Or pants where'er the fervid Tropic ray  
With subtle tongue licks up the salt-sea brine.  
From eve till morn, from morn till day's decline,  
The sluggish ocean heaves,—the hot skies glare :  
“ Water ! ” he faintly moans, then sinks supine,  
And dreams of mossy brinks and valleys fair :—  
Alas ! poor mariner, he wakes in mad despair !



Day folds his golden wings, and sinks to rest  
Behind the distant wave, yet parting, throws  
A rosy smile o'er the light-silvered west,  
That with soft tinge on the blue billow glows:—  
Around the fading king the clouds dispose,  
In lengthened trains of variegated hues ;  
While pale-eyed Evening at the twilight's close  
Leads on the ebon Night, of humid dew,  
And Silence walks the deep knit with the voiceless Muse.

Orlando keeps love's watch, trims the light sail,  
And marks their course by the far lamps of night,  
While glides the wreck before a friendly gale,  
That fans with pinion cool its gentle flight.  
Fair Cynthia, smiling in unclouded light,  
High in the orient set, spreads o'er the sea  
The silvery tissue of her mantle bright,  
And beaming all her polished brilliancy,  
Wreathes the light-curling swells with liquid jewelry.

The maiden sleeps, watched by the eye of love,  
Her fringed lids bedewed with misty spray,  
While on light-flutt'ring wing the night-winds rove,  
Kiss her flushed cheek, and with her ringlets play.  
She slumbers sweet beneath the placid ray  
Of Dian, peerless goddess of the air ;  
While ever and anon a smile doth stray  
Like morning, o'er her lip,—serenely fair,  
Dreaming of home's delights, and the remembered there.

'Tis midnight on the sea!—Far down the west  
Bright Hesperus pursues Aurora's flight;  
While from the wave emerging in the east,  
The seven-crowned beauties of the spangled night,  
The dancing Hyades, tread the fields of light,  
And sweep their glittering trains along the sky.  
Safe glides the wreck o'er the broad waste, despite  
The heaving of the swell, which, surging by,  
Breaks with a sullen growl, yet leaves the Lovers dry.

The sailor look'd abroad,—sometime above,  
Scanning the north star, and sometime the sea;  
Then turning, bent him with an eye of love,  
O'er the fair slumberer pillowed on his knee.  
This last look operating drowsily,  
He turned toward the chest for safety there;  
And plucking thence some biscuit—two or three—  
And that stout flask which I have sung elsewhere,  
Defied the morphean king, and bade adieu to care.

All he possessed—prize money, and so forth—  
Had gone to endow the Mermaids, down below;  
A cool hard twenty thousand he was worth  
In golden coin, some forty hours ago:—  
But now, the truth my readers all should know,  
He was as poor as Job, when Sathan came  
With fire and sword, and stripped him at a blow,  
Leaving him nothing but an honest fame:—  
So is Orlando quit of all but his good name.

Thoughtful, he ruminated o'er his loss,  
And then he gazed upon the sleeping maid;  
The while reflecting he had not a cross  
To keep the devil off,—as it is said: (6)  
Then, Cupid hinting he was thrice repaid  
In this warm Houri slumbering at his feet,—  
Pleased at the fair exchange with Fortune made,  
He filled a flowing can, with love replete,  
Drank the blind Goddess' health, and hoped again to meet.

I trust that none will be offended here—  
Not e'en the most fastidious Grahamite,  
Who dines on water gruel, eschews beer,  
And dreams of sirloin and champagne by night—  
That my young Hero to a thirsty bite  
Did add a cheering glass. At such an hour,  
On such a spot, and in such cheerless plight,  
I doubt if Temperance herself would sour  
To fortify the soul, if 't were within her power.

Now broke the second dawn, with purple smiles  
Suffusing sky and sea, that brighter glowed,  
As fair Aurora, climbing o'er the Isles  
In burnished gold, up the blue orient rode,  
Above the Olympian hill, great Jove's abode,  
And swept dun night before th' advancing day.  
Life wakes in ether and the briny flood,—  
Above, the Albatros soars far away,  
Beneath, Leviathan sports in gigantic play.

Hyperia woke from dreamy, wan repose,  
Hopeful and calm, and blessed the morning light ;  
And though from her pale cheek had fled the rose,  
Her voice was steady, and her eye was bright.  
Orlando spreads the board, as well he might,  
After the graceless lunch some while ago,  
To which he failed his partner to invite :—  
She breathes her thanks to Him whence mercies flow,  
And in the morn's repast her cheek resumes its glow.

Then, while her eyes with pensive lustre shine,—  
“ Two fearful nights and days thou hast not wooed  
The balmy pillow : pray thee, here recline,  
While slumber weighs thine eyes in blindest mood,  
And nature is refreshed :—Our sail bedewed  
With evening's mist, shades from the fervid ray,  
And gentle hands shall fan thee, nothing rude :—  
Upon my lap thy weary fortunes lay,  
While Love, the warder, wakes, to guard thee as it may.”

“ Beautiful charmer !—as in peril now,  
Oft have I woke upon the midnight sea,  
When broke the surges o'er the plunging bow,  
And the dark tempest swept the foaming lee.  
Then days and nights no resting hour had we,  
For duty called, and danger lowered amain ;  
And shall I now fatigue in watching thee,  
When love commands ?—or murmuring, complain,  
When helpless woman claims the firmness of the man ?

“Far be the unmanly thought from my true heart,  
And death thrice welcome ere a tarnished name :  
So may I still perform the nobler part,  
Fulfil in deed bright honor’s utmost claim,  
Nor dim the lustre of a mother’s fame.  
My hopes of happiness are knit with thine,  
And life, unblest with thee, a cheerless game :  
I feel no toil, if thou dost not repine,  
Guarding a pearl thou may’st one day surrender mine.

“Calm was the night, and bland the roving breeze,  
Clear was the heaven, and bright the starry dome ;  
Fair broke the dawn upon the restless seas,  
And decked with Iris’ hues the briny foam :—  
A smile was on thy lip, that whispered ‘Home !’  
As thou wert dreaming in a rosy bower.  
The Gulf is passed,—the wind is fair,—we boom  
Slowly, but steadily, from hour to hour,  
And near the land, secure in Heaven’s protecting power.”

As up the sky the horses of the sun  
Wheel Phœbus’ golden car, the winds prevail,  
And ere the monarch of the day hath run  
One half his ardent course, their slender sail  
Strains to the pressure of the flying gale.  
The Atlantic rises in its majesty,  
And moves in giant billows o’er the vale  
Unknown to bud or blossom, driving free  
The raft and its rich freight over the boundless sea.

Springs the fond sentiment in either breast,—  
That, should the rising sea o'erwhelm them there,  
They might descend to nature's final rest  
Betrothed in love, and, smiling at despair,  
Pass the dark gates of death a wedded pair.  
Dear was the wish, and prompted from on high,  
As, or in weal or woe, resigned they were—  
If parted not—in cold embrace to lie,  
Their bridal couch the deep, its canopy the sky.

So, as I roamed the bright rejoicing earth  
In life's glad morn, ere care the heart had tried,  
I marked a shrub, whereon had twinned in birth  
Two gentle buds, the dell's unconscious pride,  
With fragrance redolent, with beauty dyed.  
As waved the winds they kissed each other ever,  
Trembling, methought, lest some rude blast divide  
The close-knit stems,—fearful alone to sever,  
And happy, side by side, to bloom or fade together.

Then as the gale increased, and far and wide  
The feathery foam boiled o'er the toppling wave,  
Breaking around their bark in sullen pride,  
And hoarsely threatening with a gloomy grave,—  
Orlando thus to his dear partner gave  
His wishes utterance,—nor his alone;  
As when the genial Spring the earth doth pave  
With verdure, bud and bloom, the lark makes known  
To his selected mate desires not all his own.



Frail is the plank on which our lives depend,  
When to the storm opposed. The clouds again  
O'er half the heaven portentously impend,  
And should the tempest burst, all hope is vain.  
This third night of our wreck, with gloomy train,  
Draws on apace :—Should our sad doom be nigh,  
O let us meet it on this fatal main,  
Pledged to each other with our latest sigh,  
And life's last look to Heaven, in Love's betrothal lie.

She heard, and still on her companion gazed,  
Her beauteous eyes dissolved in grief and love !—  
That love, which in despair its truth hath praised  
Since its first advent from the fields above.  
O hallowed Spirit ! wherefore shouldst thou rove  
From thy Elysian bowers, o'er Time's domain,  
And find so few, save the lone turtle-dove,  
To wear unsoiled thine amaranthine chain,  
And link their youth and age beneath thy blissful reign !

A blush, half veiled in tears, adorned her cheek,  
Soft as the vernal morn in bloom arrayed,  
Sweet as the damask rose, low bending meek  
Its dew-embosséd head :—Her locks displayed  
In tresses loose, that on her shoulders played,  
She sat like Venus—not in Paphian bowers,  
But as the foam-sprung Queen, on ocean stayed,  
Or ere encircled by the Rosy Hours—  
And to her lover thus her sweet acceptance pours.



“Dear partner of the dangers we have passed,  
And those which still environ us, toward thee  
I may not here false diffidence forecast,  
Which still detracts from maiden modesty  
The native lustre of her truth;—for me,  
My virgin talisman shall ne’er affect  
A language foreign to its purity:—  
Whate’er befall us, thine be this respect,  
Thy worth and nobleness my heart could ne’er reject.

“Thus here I yield myself thy willing bride,  
On the dread bosom of the stormy main;  
Free to assure thee I love none beside  
In that fair world whose memory we retain,  
Save with such feeling as may gently reign  
To friendship and the ties of nature due.  
Partner in weal and woe, in joy and pain,  
Receive my maiden vows, no time may rue,  
And Heaven the witness be betwixt both me and you.”

They rose, and bending toward the passing wave,  
Which, sudden stayed, low stoops its hoary pride,  
Unclasped their hands—their unclasped hands they lave  
In the blue bosom of the mighty tide;  
With hands reclasped, on bended knee they bide,  
And plight their truth before the Omniscient King!—  
Angels ne’er saw such Bridegroom and such Bride,  
Since Love came down from Heaven on brooding wing,  
To bless, with holy light, the espousals of the Spring.

They are affianced,—the chaste kiss impressed  
On lips where sexual love ne'er couched before,  
The maid reclined upon her partner's breast  
Encircled in his arms:—Love hovers o'er,  
Bids the winds still, the hoarse surge foam no more,  
And Safety take the helm! No other rite  
Shall they consummate, or on sea or shore,  
Till curtains o'er the earth that blissful night,  
When youths' and maidens' eyes shall wait on their delight.

As lulled the wind, and calmed the raging sea,  
Beneath the hallowed influence of the hour,—  
Winged from some Isle, I ween, beneath their lee,  
Of spicy grove, cool dell, and blooming bower,  
Came toward the wreck a Bird, bearing a flower  
In his light beak, as did the Dove of old  
The olive leaf, when held the deluge shower,  
And down the universal waters rolled,  
Unmasked the mountain peaks, and on Ararat shoaled.

Perched on their slender mast, in welcome rest,  
He warbles forth his pleasure on the breeze;  
With tremulous joy the startled Lovers list  
The sylvan minstrel on th' unbowered seas:—  
Gayly he whistled, as intent to please  
The listening pair, who, gazing with delight,  
Blessed the fair wanderer from his native trees,  
And hailed—sweet superstition—robin's flight  
An omen from on high of safeguard through the night.

With wheaten crumbs upon her lily hand,  
Hyperia wooes the voy'ger of the air,  
Adding her silver voice' enchanting wand,  
That wins him from his perch. Around her there  
He flutters light, plays with her flowing hair,  
Echoes her voice, and settles on her breast.  
Say, was it HOPE, in form of warbler fair,  
Winged from the skies at watchful Love's behest,  
To cheer their mournful hearts, and lull each fear to rest?

A tender arm encircling either's neck,  
Upon the raft th' affianced pair recline,  
I' th' hour's pure harmony forget their wreck,  
And pledge each other in the rosy wine.  
A hue of pallid green pervades the brine,  
Assuring land not many leagues away,  
And sandy soundings with the deep-sea line;  
While down the west declines the orb of day,  
And o'er the distant swells streams his last golden ray.

Twilight comes stealing softly o'er the billow,  
Like a descending veil of misty air;  
Night follows quick, while Nature seeks her pillow  
On the wide waters as in valleys fair,  
For sea and land alike are known to care.  
The sea-gull rocks upon the glassy swell,  
Suspended in mid ocean, silent there  
Slumber her tribes,—while from deep coral dell  
The wakeful Mermaids rise, and chant their nightly spell.

Orlando owns the influence of the hour,  
Exhausted nature succumbs to repose,—  
Vainly he strives against the drowsy power  
That weighs his eyelids down, and sweetly throws  
Oblivion's mantle o'er life's many woes.  
Calm is the sea, serene th' unclouded sky,  
And cool the breeze that from the westward blows:—  
The sailor yields ; yet, ere supine they lie  
In slumber's opiate bands, breathe they a prayer on high.

“ Father Supreme ! beneficent and good,  
Prostrate in woe we lift our hearts to Thee :  
O still regard us on this mighty flood,  
And stay the tempest, and control the sea.  
Our frames, subdued, are sinking wearily,  
And nature can no more. Guard from on high,  
While slumber binds us in extremity,  
And all defenceless on the wave we lie :—  
Secure the wreck shall float when God Himself is nigh.”

Thus they, in grateful and confiding prayer, (7)  
Resign themselves to Heaven ; divinest grace  
In either bosom sways triumphant there,  
And peace on either brow hath found a place :—  
So Virtue tests the jewels of our race,  
And vindicates her praise. No more to weep  
The bitter tear, reclined in chaste embrace  
On the night-curtained bosom of the deep,  
The lone affianced pair sink down in leaden sleep.

Thou hollow-murmuring sea, on thy cold bosom  
Such nuptial couch sure never rocked before,  
Prest by a Bride, pale in her vestal blossom,  
And Groom, whose eye no bright rejoicing wore.  
But hark !—'tis music mingling with the roar  
Of distant surf, borne on the landward breeze,  
Pregnant with sweets kissed from the flowery shore,  
To charm the slumbering ear with melodies,  
And fan with fragrant wing this Bridal of the Seas.

Fancy, upon her lucid pinions borne,  
Skims the blue wave at midnight's stilly sway,  
And marks the sleeping Lovers, till the Morn  
With light-gemmed fingers sweeps the shades away:—  
Around the wreck the sea-green Tritons play,  
Guide toward the shore, and wondering at the pair,  
Blow their rude conches, toss the misty spray,  
Peep o'er the wave to view the vision fair,  
Till dawn invests the deep, and all dissolves in air.

CANTO FOURTH.

## Argument.

DAWN OF THE THIRD MORNING.—The Wreck on Shore.—The Lovers still wrapped in Slumber.—Description of the Isle.—Matin Song of the Birds.—Awaking of the Lovers.—Hyperia Swoons.—She Recovers.—The Pair rise from the Wreck and descend upon the Land.—They enter a Palm Grove at hand.—The Dell.—They Kneel and Offer up Thanks to Heaven.—The Isle the Abode of Peace.—Gentleness of the Birds and Anima's.—Grateful Viands.—Plenty's Hoard.—Romantic Glen.—Couch of the Genius Sylph.—The Lovers choose their Abode.—First Slumber on Shore.—The First Pair in Paradise.—The Ambitious Muse.—Poesy.—Urania Grieves at its Desecration.—Warning to Rhymesters.—Seeking Poetic Fame.—Genius Self-Dependent.—The Wanderer.—Taught in the Noblest School.—His Erratic Course.—Justice Prepares to Strike.—Mercy Interposes.—His Redemption.—Address to the DEITY.—Terrestrial Beauty.—The PRINCE OF PEACE.—Domestic Felicity.—The Discontented, Thankless Youth.—Invited to Attend the Muse.—A Passage of Auto-Biography.—The Beauty of the West.—The Buried Friend.—The Loved and Noble Pass Early to the Tomb.—Episode: Childhood.—The Lost CHERUB.—Return to the Lovers.—Their Tour around the Isle.—A Dilemma.—The Lovers in Trouble.—Hyperia's Thought.—The Ship.—The Discovery.—The Rescue.—The Restoration.—Orlando's Offer.—Hyperia's Truth.—The Bridal Morn.—The Espousals.—Flight of Hypermen.—The Exulting Muse.—The Moral.—Precocious Beauty.—Virtue Powerless Opposed by Wealth.—Advice to Youth and Maid.—Warning to the Fair.—The City Thronged with Deceivers.—The Sin of Divorce.—Sanctity of the Marriage Tie.—Modern Courtship.—The Garden of the Muse.—All Ranks pay Homage there.—O Happy Pair!—Benediction of the Muse.—Fina'e.



## Canto Fourth.

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ROSE the third Morn on wings of Orient light,  
With softest blush th' imprisoned dawn set free ;  
The ethereal essence in effulgent flight  
Spread o'er the blooming Isles, and gorgeously  
Wreathed with bright amethyst the playful sea.  
The grizzly Monarch smiled through all his realm,  
And shook his hoary locks, that royally  
Swept o'er a thousand shores ; while the free helm  
Steers thro' subsiding swells, that rise no more t' o'erwhelm.

All night the drifting wreck approached the shore—  
A verdant Isle beneath the Tropic sky—  
And on a sea-green wave the reef borne o'er,  
Upon the snowy beach secure doth lie.  
With soothing note the ripples murmur by,  
As they were fearful to awake the pair,  
Who slumber still,—rocked in the lullaby  
Of the light swell that did their galley bear,  
And fanned to sleep profound by guardian spirits there.

Fair was the Isle-as Sylph abode, I ween,  
Or Pleasure's graceful realm—with hill and dale,  
And woods, and sleeping dells, a varied scene,  
Where tumbling cascades, misting to the gale,  
In silvery course slow winding, charmed the vale.  
A thousand flowers their painted cups expand,  
And smiles and incense to the morn exhale ;  
While sportive Zephyr plays on pinion bland,  
Now lightly dips the surf, now fleets along the land.

Unnumbered birds, in gaudy plumage drest,  
Carmine, and azure, purple, green and gold,—  
Some on the wing, some on the flowers at rest,  
Or where dense foliage the shades controlled,  
Made vocal all the Isle with notes that rolled  
Forth living pipes of sweetest melody,  
And carolled to the Morn ; while Echo told  
The music in a softer euphony,  
And sent the dulcet strains to die upon the sea.

Umbrageous groves of the luxuriant palm  
Rose from the vales ; the verdant hills were crowned  
With slender cocoanut and flowering balm,  
Which, mingling with unnumbered sweets around,  
Perfumed the dainty winds :—Along the ground  
The crimson berry trained, and thence the vine  
With fibrous arms the blushing date-tree bound,  
Pendent with purple clusters. Proserpine  
Blooms with Vertumnus here, thro' every changing sign.

Arbor and grotto, shaped by Nature's hand,  
Or hand of Time, fair artist when he skills,  
In grove and glen—where bubbling from the sand  
Light streamlets flowed, or fell in limpid rills—  
Formed cool retreats, where humid air distils  
Th' unconscious shower, and nectar-dropping blooms  
Invite with honeyed cups the slender bills  
Of airy humming-birds, whose silken plumes  
Glitter from flower to flower, and winnow soft perfumes.

Such was the Isle, in blissful beauty drest,  
On which the Heavens my sea-wrecked Lovers threw;  
Where Hope sat throned upon the morning's crest,  
And smiled beneath the veil dim twilight drew:  
Above, around, Delight for ever flew,  
The Sylvan Boys led on the purple Hours,  
And charmed with airy lute the enchanting view  
Where Spring and Autumn twinned—foliage and flowers,  
Vistas of fadeless green, and ever blooming bowers.

Awake, fond pair!—The charming tropic dawn  
Hath kissed the islands and the hoary deep,  
Lit up the pearly drops which strew the lawn,  
And the unfolding flowers no longer sleep.  
Aurora wakes the Morn,—wake ye, and weep  
With her the tears of joy, safe wafted o'er  
The threat'ning billows, where the mild winds sweep  
Their crystal trains along the verdant shore,  
That smiles within the reefs at Ocean's rude uproar.

Loosed from their senses slumber's silken bands,  
While native songsters warble on the ear  
The matins of the morn. Upon the sands  
They list the music—nearer and more near—  
“Hark! what sweet harmony is this we hear?—  
O blissful sight!” Half-rising, in surprise,  
They mutely gaze,—Hyperia cannot bear  
The shock of joy; faint dimness veils her eyes,  
And in her lover's arms the unconscious maiden lies.

'Tis but a moment that she swoons supine,  
The voice of love recalls her back again;  
While from her bright'ning eyes, the drops benign  
Fall like a sun-lit shower of April rain.  
Returns the rose with all her smiling train,  
And wakes her sister lily to a glow,—  
Each spirit bursts away to tread the plain,  
And rising from the wreck, with step full slow  
They bend towards a grove, light waving to and fro.

It was a narrow dell, three sides inclosed  
With lofty palms,—the fair interior wrought  
Of blooming copse on either hand disposed,  
And from the cool recess a streamlet sought  
Its way towards the sea; its green banks fraught  
With myrtle, holly, and the orange-tree,  
That, stooping o'er the brink, reflection caught  
Of its bright golden fruit, and smiled to see  
Its image glassed below in limpid purity.

Here in this living temple of the LORD,  
Where sweet rejoicing life a home had found,  
The Lovers knelt, and gratefully adored  
The King of land and sea!—to Him profound  
They prostrate fall, press with their lips the ground,  
And offer all the sacrifice of bliss,—  
Thanks for preserving goodness, more than crowned  
In this Elysium of loveliness,  
Where Nature sweetly smiled in her divinest dress.

The sea-breeze comes to cheer the waking land,  
And drink the perfume of the blushing scene;  
Cooled in the distant wave, with pinion bland  
Salutes the purple fig, the olive green,  
Rocks the tall palm, nods to the grove serene,  
And wings delight through all the bright array:—  
The charming pair—the Isle's new King and Queen—  
Rise from their mossy couch, and take their way  
Beneath the branching bowers, with fruit and blossom gay.

On the fair Isle no human being dwelt,  
And man's dominion—wanton cruelty—  
Through all its blooming bounds had ne'er been felt.  
Around the happy pair, from tree to tree,  
From flower to flower—confiding, gentle, free—  
Disport the birds; and o'er the dewy lawn,  
Fearless approach, the stranger guests to see,  
The slender Antelope and spotted Fawn,  
And lick th' extended hand, and follow when withdrawn.

Delicious viands pendent from the trees,  
Courtèd their lips,—the juicy orange hung  
In tempting beauty ; waving in the breeze  
The slender tamarind full lightly swung,  
While the pomegranate and banana flung  
Their clustered wealth abroad. 'Tis Plenty's board,  
Strewed with a stintless hand the groves among ;  
Where wasted vigor sweetly is restored,  
For all exhilarates, and bounteous is the hoard.

Ended the gorge in a romantic glen  
Embowered in tropic bloom, whence gushed the stream,  
And flowed in crystal beauty, to impregn  
The dell below. Here the red solar beam  
Pierced not the stilly shades,—a pearly gleam,  
Like a soft moonlight, lit the drapery  
Which graced a fairy palace, one might deem,  
Hung with depending flowers from tree to tree,  
Where climbing cactus wove the blushing canopy.

Charmed with the scene, the wandering pair recline  
On a green couch the genius Sylph had placed  
For their repose, beneath a jessamine  
With golden amaryllis interlaced,  
And their young vows renew. Who would not haste  
To face the dangers of the stormy main,  
And hold his life well risked, to win and taste  
Such rosy bliss !—the trysting passion's reign—  
Where sceptered Beauty smiled, and Pan led all his train.



This is a bower of shelter from the storm,  
The glowing zenith, and the humid night,—  
Cool, fragrant, placid in a fadeless charm  
Of all that sense or fancy may delight:  
Here fix they their abode, at Fortune's height,  
While tenants of the Isle.—Sweet sleep, at last,  
Steals from their eyes the soft and mellow light,  
To dream of wreck, the billow and the blast,  
And wake to certain bliss,—the feverish ordeal past.

So slumbered, in the shades of Paradise,  
The first created Pair, while Heaven distilled  
Each blissful influence from the bending skies,  
And either breast with answering rapture filled.  
Robed in white innocence, O had they willed  
To wear their native honors in her bowers,  
Love still had been a plant by angels tilled,  
Warmed from on high, cheered with ambrosial showers,  
Bearing immortal fruit, and ever blooming flowers!

While the young Lovers rest in sleep's embrace,  
Pillowed on either's arm, and peace not less;—  
Escaped the wave, with other strains to grace  
Her native land, and its spurned fame redress,—  
Th' untutored Muse essays the stateliness  
Of epic song, and dares th' advent'rous flight,  
To wing her way to that sublime recess  
Where Pallas sits in intellectual light,  
And triumphs o'er the dark, incomprehensive night.



O Art divine!—celestial Poesy! (¹)

URANIA bends in sorrow from the skies,

And mourns o'er thy dishonor! Un'to thee

Genius was wont to offer sacrifice,

Nor with base minds contest the noble prize,—

Alas! when these with idiot passion wake

The heaven-strung lyre, its soul of music dies!

The strain sublime dulness would undertake,

But with discordant touch the chords of rapture break.

The pointless quill is from the raven's wing,

It fastens not,—blunt as the schoolboy's dart;

And would'st thou to the Muse an offering bring,

Weigh well thy strength, it were the wiser part,

Nor strive in vain to "climb the height of art;"

Lest backward thou recoil, to fall undone,

From that ascent where folly loses heart;

Or, like the Cretan soaring toward the sun,

Thy waxen pinions fail ere half the flight be won.

Studded, or decked, or garnished, if you please—

The peacock's gaudy train shall aid me well—

With many I's, my brave Pegasus sees,

And marks the cave where the reviewers dwell.

Still I, long held in deep prophetic spell,

Will no false delicacy have to blame,

That once, when charmed to wake the tuneful shell,

I faltered to inscribe my humble name

On the proud portico of time-enduring fame.

What shall deter when, all-impelled to sing,  
Hopeless of earth, I court the heavenly ray,—  
Turn from the grave of life's sepulchred spring,  
To range the heart-rejuvenating way,  
Where the bright land of dreams is ever gay?  
Let critics challenge with their learned lore,  
It shall not daunt me with my roundelay,—  
I follow impulse when I launch from shore,  
My genius rules the helm, Truth is my chart—no more.

Oft has the Earth revolved her annual round,  
In gay or gloomy robes alternate drest,  
Since, treading heavily the stubborn ground,  
Seeking, of all the world, a spot of rest,  
There crossed the mountains, bending toward the West,  
A WANDERER:—Upon his brow sat care,  
And sorrow dimmed his eye, as on he prest  
His weary steps, to reach some haven, where  
Hope sweeps away the clouds and darkness of despair.

I was that Wanderer,—that roving boy,  
Th' unstable youth, whom no fond ties could bind:  
Averse to industry, he failed t' employ  
The royal hours of Time, when Time was kind.  
Thoughtless to prize the precious germ of mind,  
Life's glorious morn in visions passed away,  
Fruitless of all but error,—nought designed  
To cheer that certain retrospective day,  
When Conscience wakes the soul to mark her devious way.

Taught the pure precepts of the noblest school  
Which graced th' Augustine age, in Palestine;  
The mirrored view of being's golden rule,  
The charm of Truth, the warmth of light divine,  
With all th' array Wisdom and Grace combine,  
Were lost on him:—He threw that pearl away,  
Richer than all Golconda's jewelled mine,  
Or golden wealth that Plutus' realms display,—  
The soul's bright talisman, and her immortal stay!

Twice ten times round the central orb of heaven,  
Wheeled in quaternion the circling years,  
And still beheld the Outcast, wildly driven  
O'er the dark billows, where no beacon cheers.  
Tossed to and fro, his wretched spirit veers  
As pain or infamy preponderate;—  
Hope, glimmering long, in terror disappears,  
And Retribution, stooping to his fate,  
Calls her dread ministry, t' enforce the stern mandate.

The thunders roll! the clouds of wrath ascend,  
The fiery bolt waits but the dread command!  
When HE, who died and rose the sinner's friend,  
Bares His pierced side, extends His bleeding hand,—  
Justice beholds, and stays th' uplifted brand,  
As plead the merits of His sacrifice:—  
The clouds dispel, the bright'ning heaven is bland,  
And Mercy, bending from her smiling skies,  
Bids the worn son of woe from moral death arise!

O THOU, the high,—the universal King !  
Whose fiat Nature's untold realms obey,—  
Myriads of planets, ever on the wing,  
In pathless orbits wheeling their bright way,  
Each round its fixéd centre's burning ray,  
In harmony sublime :—First heard on high,  
In choral triumph of that glorious day,  
When chaos formed beneath th' Eternal's eye,  
And ranged, in starry hosts, along the mighty sky :—

Who sitt'st enthroned upon Immensity,  
Above all Principalities and Powers,  
Thrones and Dominions of eternity,—  
Thyself Eternity ! which ever showers  
Light, life, and joy to charm the circling hours,  
Coursing on sleepless wing creation's bound,—  
If bound there be where the Almighty dowers  
Illimitable space, the vast profound,  
With systems and their kings, that gyre JEHOVAH round :—

At whose rebuke th' astonished Heavens recede,  
Dismayed, and trembling, totter to their base !  
While flying Seraphs, resting in mid speed,  
Veil with empurpled wing each radiant face :—  
Who makest darkness Thy pavilioned place,  
Thy mantle Truth, Omnipotence Thy crown,  
Thine empire boundless as unbounded space,—  
BEING incomprehensive, still unknown,  
The One wise God, who reign'st eternal and alone !

O what is man, that Thou rememberest him  
Among the unnumbered myriads of space!  
Archangel, Cherubim, and Seraphim,  
The erring sons of God, find less of grace,—  
If those who fell of Heaven's immortal race,  
Or ere the starred creation sprang to light,  
Hurled in dread ruin from their blissful place,  
In chains of penal fire, have checked their flight  
'Mid ever-during woe, born from the womb of Night!

O what is man, so impotent, so poor,—  
Man, whose existence trembles on a breath!—  
Impatient, mean, implacable, impure,  
The very slave of Sin,—the prey of Death,  
That on this lower world, so far beneath,  
Thy goodness drops each gentle blessing down,  
Forgetful not; but binds the haloed wreath  
Of honor on his brow, and high renown:—  
He who forgets Thy mercy, and defies Thy frown!

It is, that Thy beneficence extends  
Wide as existence, boundless as the day,—  
From Infinite to finite condescends  
The rapture of Thy Being, in display  
Where'er through Nature Heaven's paternal sway  
Bids life rejoice in ever-bounteous feast,  
Showered with unsparing hand,—fruitful or gay,  
As on the fertile glebe, so on the waste,  
Charming the wing of Time in all his fleeting haste.

It is that Thou art GOD !—the Source of all,  
And man the helpless creature of Thy power ;  
Doomed to mortality from Eden's fall,  
Dependent on a breath from hour to hour.  
Yet, while relentless Fate in time doth lower  
A darksome canopy above his head,  
Thy Truth's effulgence lights the fearful bower,  
Shows the fair path of duty he must tread,  
And points to that bright world where his reward is laid.

The verdant Earth, his blooming dwelling-place,  
Albeit of her pristine splendors shorn,  
Hath left a smile of beauty and of grace,  
To charm the bright eye of the peerless Morn ;—  
When from the golden east, Sol's rays adorn  
Hill, grove, and vale in vernal vestments bright ;  
And thousand sweets, on lucid pinion borne,  
Impregn the tremulous air, while gay Delight  
Warbles forth all her bliss, echoed from every height.

The PRINCE OF PEACE hath interposed between  
Justice, and Earth's contaminated spot ;  
The valleys bloom, the mantling hills are green,  
The Heavens drop manna, and the curse is not,—  
Mercy on the decree hath set a blot.  
What though the Tree of Life man tastes no more,  
Born for the grave, decay and death his lot ;  
Heaven shall to immortality restore,  
And Eden's bloom renew, more glorious than of yore.



Within the reach of every being lies  
A modicum of good,—of happiness ;  
And he alone in life is truly wise,  
Who gratefully accepts the proffered bliss,  
Content t' enjoy the placid loveliness,  
The calm serenity of social life :  
And unambitious but to compass this,  
Pursues his even way, unknown to strife,  
Blest in a tranquil mind, a home, and smiling wife.

Fond of variety, youth will not bide  
Where Nature, clad in verdure, knows no change ;  
His mountain streams in the same channels glide,  
His flocks and herds o'er the same valleys range :—  
Nor storm, nor flood, nor withering blight derange  
The faultless beauty of his native plains ;  
Home still invites to tread the blooming grange,  
His granaries o'erflow, health warms his veins,  
Peace sentinels his bounds, and rural gladness reigns.

O thankless he, for whom creation spreads <sup>(2)</sup>  
Her choicest gifts, for blessing all designed !  
The green-embowered woods, th' embroidered meads,  
The genial shower, th' invigorating wind—  
Autumnal fruits by Summer suns refined,  
The golden corn, brown nut, and cheering grape,—  
Whatever charms the ear or soothes the mind,  
Nature's sweet hymn of joy by stream or brake,  
Soft-falling eve, or rosy morn when skies awake.

Let him who would forsake a happy home,  
For the uncertain chance of fortune's prize,  
Or slack of industry, or fond to roam,  
Turns from his dewy fields and gentle skies,  
To mingle with a world veiled in disguise ;  
Whose lips drop honey, and whose cheek wears smiles,  
But whose true feature is deceit and lies,—  
Attend the Muse, as she an hour beguiles,  
Mounts o'er the distant hills, or skims the sea-girt isles.

Rude and untamed the spot which gave me birth,  
When Abercrombie launched upon St. George  
His bateaued host,—Ticonderoga's mirth,  
That sent back oarless many a gallant barge.  
The shaggy bear and panther roamed at large  
O'er the rough forest way,—three sides confined  
By serried hills, whence, rushing through the gorge,  
Swept the raw east, and bleaker northern wind,  
That chilled the genial months, and made the stern unkind.

There Toil hath set his seat amid the rocks,  
There Earth's primeval curse the hills o'erspread,—  
The hills, upreared a mass of sterile blocks,  
While shapeless pebbles strew the valley's bed.  
From such a spot harmonious Nature fled,  
Where faintly smiled the children of the Spring,—  
Where the dense forest reared its foliaged head,  
And, like a dark and solitary king,  
Its boughs of evergreen waved to the Winter's wing.

Rough as their hills, and sturdy as their oaks,  
The early rangers of the wilderness ;  
Above the forest rose their scattered smokes,  
From many a deep, and many a wild recess,  
The tenantry as wild in savage dress.  
No plough they followed, drove no team a-field,  
But like the tawny hunter of the West,  
Pursued the game in depth of woods concealed,  
Fed on the savory meat,—the skins their vestments yield.

The fearful war of Independence came,  
And Freedom calls her sons,—her sons obey :  
From glen and forest, like a rushing stream,  
With bugle led, they pour the rude array.  
These hardy woodmen stood for that proud day  
Which dawned on Saratoga's bannered height ;  
Where, to the Eagle crouched, the Lion lay,  
And quailed beneath his glance ; while native right  
Triumphs o'er tyrant foes, and chains the Briton's might.

The struggle o'er, and with it war's sad ills,  
While the starred banner waves to victory ;  
With sloping arms, back to their native hills,  
The war-worn veterans,—scarred, poor, but free,  
Retrace their weary steps, and joyously  
Assume the garb and implements of peace :—  
Improved by arms and generous chivalry,  
From their rude way of life they learn to cease,  
And court the social arts which all our bliss increase.

Beneath their lusty strokes the forest fell,  
And the chilled soil, to Heaven's reviving ray  
Unmasked its bosom. Now no more they dwell  
In rude log tenements, or careless stray  
The roofless forest depths, like beast of prey :—  
The pretty cottage peeps upon the view,  
Embowered in willow, vine, and blossom gay ;  
While the freed landscape drinks the morning dew,  
Smiles to the smiling heaven, and blooms in beauty's hue.

Unknown to luxury, their wants are few,  
And those sufficed, the calm of life is theirs,—  
That happy calm th' ambitious never knew,  
Damped by no fears, disturbed by no dull cares :  
Where seldom vice the simple youth ensnares,  
Remote from crowded marts of belles and beaux  
Sporting with time. So pass their lives in pairs  
Of wedded love, till the ripe years dispose  
Their heads beneath the sod, where their dead sires repose.

Dear native spot ! where quiet ever reigns,  
To charm the path of innocence and worth,  
O that I ne'er had quit thy homely plains,  
To tread the velvet greenswards of the earth !  
But there, where boyhood blossomed from the birth,  
Had been content to dwell, where dwelt my sires,  
Industrious, temperate, yet with harmless mirth—  
While the full soul had all her best desires—  
Charmed and enlivened their long winter-evening fires.

Came the Saturnian change or ere my eyes  
Saw fields or flowers ; glad childhood found them all,  
Blooming beneath the ardent Summer skies,  
As risen at Enchantment's magic call :—  
E'en the bleak northern barrier, like a wall,  
Glowed with warm honeysuckles, lightly hung  
With nestling humming-birds, those visions small,  
While, from th' o'erarching hemlocks, gayly sung  
The sweet but lonely thrush, retired the woods among.

Here passed life's early hours, which herald yet  
The dawn of youth ; had manhood's sun rose here,  
My golden day unclouded might have set,  
With all its honors :—Now no ray to cheer  
The thick'ning gloom, as wakeful memory drear,  
For aye intrudes the wormwood and the gall,  
While Conscience, linked with the pale demon, Fear,  
Presents the chalice at th' eternal call,  
Forcing my soul to drink it up,—the dregs and all !

O ! for a draught of Lethe's fabled stream,  
Whose waters gave oblivion to the past !  
The soul, new sprung to life, as from a dream,  
Or dull remembrance dim, that cannot last,  
Might reassume her dignity of caste,  
Unconscious of its loss,—and robed again  
In innocence, upon the wings of haste  
Pursue fair virtue, nor pursue in vain,  
And that sweet inward voice of self-applause regain.

But is it not enough that I have felt  
The genial influence of life's vernal hours,  
While on my native hills I cheerful dwelt  
In childhood's happy freedom, culling flowers  
Beneath the aspen's shade, or lighter bowers  
Of alder, waving o'er the mossy bed,  
Fragrant with violets and April showers—  
Rambled the dell with fern and wild-rose spread,  
Or climbed the birchen hill, where the light spirit sped:—

That when upon the wide, unfathomed deep,  
Where foams the billow while the winds pursue,  
As the dark legions of the Storm-king sweep  
Midway the upper and the nether blue,—  
When the red archery of the tempest drew  
Their bows of fire, th' Omniscient eye watched o'er  
The fortunes of the ship, down plunging through  
The dashing surge, that mocked the thunder's roar,  
Guided the reeling bark, and brought me safe to shore:—

Enough, that after many a weary day (<sup>3</sup>)  
And sleepless night upon the tented field,—  
Called by the drum to form the close array,  
When the fierce squadrons of the foemen wheeled  
To the dread trumpet's blast—where none might yield,  
But firmly pressed before the bended knee,  
Present the glittering bayonet, to shield  
Against the heady charge of cavalry—  
I saw sweet home again, from war and danger free:—



That while in barren sorrow I have lived,  
Long courting ruin on forbidden ground,  
One spark of virtue hath for aye survived,—  
One ray of light my brow for ever crowned,  
That glimmered star-like 'mid the gloom profound:—  
While ever and anon, as death prevailed,  
Mercy bent from on high, the chain unbound,  
Loosed the wan spirit by despair impaled,  
And swept the clouds away, while hope again unveiled?

It is enough! and I will not repine  
That self-reproach presents the bitter cup,—  
Fond recollection's gentler spells combine,  
And give the scathed soul power to drink it up.  
So on the Alpine's bleak and glaciated top,  
The goatherd labors through the drifting snow,  
Hopeless, yet while the stormy winds disrupt  
The frosty rocks, he casts his eyes below,  
Where his loved valley smiles, resigns, and meets the woe.

Warned by the Muse, let youth that path pursue  
Heaven's monitor points out,—nor turn aside,  
Though Passion urge, voluptuous Pleasure woo,  
And wreathed Temptation throw her portals wide.  
In life's young morn, the Wanderer allied  
His hopes with vice, and in a reckless hour  
Discarded virtue for th' unworthy bride,  
That brought him sin and sorrow as her dower,  
Robbed him of honor bright, and chilled each nobler power.

Child of misfortune—BEAUTY OF THE WEST, (4)  
Thy youth, thy sorrows, won my soul to thee:—  
The canker tempest sweeping o'er thy breast,  
As gelid winds disrobe the blossom'g tree.  
Sorrow hath shed her mildew over me,  
A heart too warm to flourish in the blight;  
And I was wont to mark her mournfully,  
So early, and so pure,—to feel the bright,  
The joyous dawn of life, thus fading into night.

Thrice have I sung this blooming, charming Girl,  
By her own name, fond memory can't forego;  
Whose raven tresses, with bewitching curl,  
Did tempt the winds to kiss her cheek's soft glow.  
Artless as Innocence, she did not know  
That Beauty beamed, like morning, from her eyes;  
While Love lay couched upon her lip, below,  
And fluttered in the smile of Paradise!—  
An angel stooped from heaven, and bore her to the skies.

“ *O Richard! O mon Roi!*” so sung the bard  
In homage to his liege, in death to cling  
To his soul's loyalty, though fate had marred  
The princely fortunes of the fallen king.  
Inspired by gratitude, I too would sing, (5)  
O RICHARD! O MON PÈRE!—sepulchred deep  
In my heart's core, and buried in life's spring.  
My tears are such as Summer evenings weep,  
For he sleeps well, I wot, whom Truth and Honor keep.

So pass the loved, the noblest of the earth,  
Whose sympathizing Angels' ardent gaze  
Saps the young buds of promise from their birth,  
To bloom along the everlasting ways.  
When death seals up mine eyes,—this body lays  
In frigid sleep,—O may I wake above,  
In that blest land of holiness and praise,  
Where friend meets friend, love reunites with love,  
Peace, like a river flows, and thence is no remove.

Childhood and innocence are my delight,—  
As steals swift Time the short'ning years away,  
I soothe the moments in their rapid flight,  
And fondly gaze on Infancy at play.  
I too was once light-hearted, blithely gay,  
Nor moral taint, nor care the brow to gloom;  
And now, as down the hill of life I stray,  
The spirit smiles to see them bud and bloom,  
Whose hands may plant a flower upon a druid's tomb.

Sweet is the morn of life, when the bright eye  
Sparkles with gladness, and the warm life-blood,  
Coursing through lucid veins its purple dye,  
Mantles upon the cheek the roseate flood  
Of infant bloom.—Divine similitude,  
Or shade angelic, wanting but its wing;  
Oft have I marked thee by the rustling wood,  
When Pan unlocks the emerald gates of Spring,  
Bending with wild delight to list the bluebird sing.



Painted by Henry Inman.

Engraved by Geo. W. Hatch

# CHILDHOOD.



Emblem of white-robed Innocence, whose ray  
Illumes a virgin brow unknit by care,  
Sporting in happy glee the livelong day,—  
Now by the rivulet gathering posies, where  
The wild-rose flings its pèrfume on the air,  
And violet beds invite to bland repose ;  
Peace rest upon the gentle slumbers there,  
While round thy couch the radiant flowers dispose,  
And Heaven its guardian ægis o'er the sleeper throws.

Inspire ambrosial air, and be thy bed  
Soft as the Summer's down :—Music awake  
Her sweetest symphony around thy head,  
Warbled from hazel-bush or willow-brake ;  
Calm be thy dreams, as the unruffled lake,  
Sweet as the spicy groves of Araby,  
Bright as thy ruby lip, till the charm break,  
Subverted by its own rich melody,  
And wakes th' enraptured boy to life and memory.

Arise, refreshed, all beautiful as Morn,  
When Day bends over her with eyes of bliss ;  
The Graces' smile upon thy cheek is worn,  
And Love's own lip on thine hath pressed a kiss.  
Hie to the lawn, beneath yon precipice,  
Charming as Hope, gay as the laughing Hours ;  
No scene at hand more beautiful than this,—  
Adown the cliff the foaming cascade pours,  
Whose base the ivy clasps, midway the clustered flowers.



The meek, unblemished lily, blooms below  
In stately elegance, the meadow's queen ;  
Tall as thyself, white as thy brow of snow,—  
The vestal of her tribe, with graceful mien  
Bending in gentle triumph o'er the scene.  
Pluck the pure flower to grace a fillet fair,  
'Twined from the laurel or the ivy green,  
And weave the tinted buds of April there,  
To bind the rich luxuriance of thy flowing hair.

Then, where the willows in the streamlet lave  
Their flexile tresses, playing on its breast ;—  
Supinely glassing in its silver wave  
The mossy brinks, in yellow cowslips drest,—  
Stoop o'er the crystal waters, as they rest,  
Calm as May's eve, and in the mirror view  
Thy counterpart, with hope and love impressed,  
Crowned with the evergreen,—so fair, so new,  
Thy soul beams from thine eyes, and wonders if 'tis true.

Gaze on,—the joyous hours of childhood fly,  
As evanescent as the morning dew ;  
Thy full-blown youth will ne'er behold a sky  
As calm, as clear, of such cerulean blue,  
As down the limpid waters wakes so true :  
Nor Nature, in her loveliest attire,—  
Strangely inverted now to charm thee, too,—  
E'er wrap thy being in such gentle fire  
As lights infantile eyes, and wakes its young desire.

Gaze on,—enamored of the fairy scene,  
With rapture other years may not define :  
Too soon the clouds of care shall roll between,  
Dispel the charm, and veil the beauteous shrine  
Where thy pure spirit breathes a joy divine ;  
When memory shall revert, with fond regret,  
To those dear hours, when childhood did recline  
In vernal pomp and flowery coronet,  
Peering the green bank o'er, where wound the rivulet.

But joy alone now lustres in those eyes,  
Whose orbs drink in an ever-varying charm  
From all that radiates beneath the skies,  
And nought within thy bosom wakes alarm.  
Childhood is pleased ; nor fears, nor knows of harm,  
Whate'er the days or circling months unfold,—  
Surveys with equal eye the calm or storm,  
Smiles at the pestilence, and, uncontrolled,  
Sports where the brave are daunt, and timorous the bold.

Then still be gay, the hours are blest to thee,  
Whose embryo life is checkered with delight ;  
Still thread the wood, and ramble o'er the lea,  
Wake with the morn, and seek repose with night.  
Climb the green hill, and from its gentle height,  
Survey the spreading landscape, far and wide,  
Whence music charms the ear, beauty the sight,—  
Rills murmur, cascades tumble, rivulets glide,  
Health rides upon the breeze, and life is in its tide.

Still smile, in happy innocence arrayed,  
Pleased with all Nature—Heaven pleased with thee;  
And when by dewy bank, or sylvan glade,  
Prone on the turf beneath some whispering tree,  
Noon-slumber, mingling with the melody  
Of airy songsters, lulls thee into rest;  
Curtained around with Heaven's blue canopy,  
Repose in cherub beauty all impressed,  
And not a sigh disturb the quiet of thy breast.

So when the charm breaks on the ambient air,  
And light-winged Zephyr calls thee from repose;  
Awake in smiles, like some bright Seraph fair—  
As on thy dimpled cheek, all lovely glows  
The Theban lily with Circassia's rose—  
Buoyant, and lithe, and vigorous to pursue  
The harmless chase which no oppression knows;  
Which leads o'er hill and dale the sylvan view,  
Where thou may'st course Delight in all her native hue.

O that thy spirit might be ever bland,  
As in the vernal hours of infancy!  
O that the ray of Reason might expand  
In simple lustre, and be ever free  
From the dread knowledge of that fatal Tree,  
Whose bi-fold fruit mingles both weal and woe!  
While Virtue, in her garb of purity,  
Throned in thy breast, lights with a bright'ning glow  
Th' advancing step of Time, and chastens all below.

The king of day declines in western skies,  
And laves the purple heavens in molten gold ;  
While evening's shadows spread their panoplies,  
And o'er the vales, the streams, and forests rolled,  
Divided empire with the morning hold.  
With burning orbs the empyréan glows,  
Hung in celestial blue,—the flowers infold,  
The dews condense, the rills their founts disclose,  
And touched by slumber's wand, life settles in repose.

Silence her solitary vigil keeps,  
Throned on the frozen glaciers of the air ;  
Save where the tempest o'er the ocean sweeps,  
And crests the troubled billows with despair :—  
The raging spirits of the storm are there,  
Hurling destruction through the welkin's roar,  
Lit by the forkéd lightning's lurid glare,  
While deep-toned thunders on the rent air pour,  
Reverberate through heaven, and shake earth's solid floor.

The howling winds, the darkened clouds of night,  
The foaming wave, the spirits of dismay,—  
The subtle flash, piercing upon the sight,  
The bellowing peals along th' ethereal way,  
Disturb thee not, whom guilt ne'er led astray,  
Pillowed on peace, and wrapped in innocence ;  
But visions of delight around thee play  
In reflux beauty, breathing redolence,  
And watchful angels there guard, from all violence.

Till Morn unbar the portals of the east,  
And lead the fiery steeds of Phœbus through,  
Still rest from weariness, and pleasure's feast,  
And balmy sleep thy infant strength renew,  
To meet Aurora on the pearly dew,  
Light as the silver dawn :—Then bound away,  
And o'er the valleys pleasure still pursue,  
Nor cease the chase, till circling years display  
The full-arched brow of youth, when Reason claims her sway.

Farewell !—Th' enchanted hours are flying fast,  
And Time's resistless pinion never tires ;  
Spring's bloom and verdure will not always last,  
Nor day fulfil th' assurance morn inspires :  
Youth covets all that infaney admires,  
And manhood grasps the world :—Then be thine aim,  
As years mature the intellectual fires,  
Truth's image to secure, and her white fame  
Shall give thee grace in Heaven—on earth an honored name.

Ah me !—now desolate and all forlorn, (6)  
Alone to tread the blooming walks of earth !  
For me, no more the vestal-blushing Morn  
Waves back the curtains of the Dayspring's birth :—  
All, all is dark ! as o'er my heart the dearth  
Of blighted happiness so heavy lies !  
Which beams no more at the light voice of mirth,  
Nor ever shall, till weary nature dies,  
And the freed spirit meets a Child in yonder skies.

Sweet Boy ! whose advent o'er my being threw  
A ray of Heaven's own bliss, as I beheld  
A scion of mine own unfold to view,  
In infant loveliness :—My bosom swelled  
With rapture, as—paternal love impelled—  
I marked thy cherub form, thy sparkling eye,  
Thy glossy brow, where Hope dominion held,  
And smiled like Spring beneath her bluest sky :—  
He faded in the bud, reserved to bloom on high.

I mourn, for it is nature ; but there is  
A soothing thought for grief, which tempers mine ;  
His spirit rests fast by the bowers of bliss,  
And waits his sire :—There earthly hopes resign,  
Blest in fruition of the KING DIVINE :  
Where beams unclouded one eternal day,  
O'er ever-blooming vales, and groves benign,—  
Where streams of living waters gently stray,  
And God contemplates pleased his children's perfect way.

The Muse returns to that enamored Isle,  
Kissed by the gentlest billows of the deep,  
Where left she, in a shady green defile,  
The rescued Lovers, soft reclined in sleep.  
Bright Sol had gained the zenith's archéd sweep,  
From whence his warmest and effulgent beam,  
And, peering brightly o'er the craggy steep,  
Smiled down upon the glen,—copse, bank and stream,  
As wake the youthful pair from this long morning dream.



The danger past, the blissful calm succeeds  
To days of misery, and nights of woe ;  
While down the sky the golden day proceeds,  
To meet the twilight's soft and mellow glow.  
From pendent fruit, and springs that gush below,  
Reviving nature dons her wonted bloom ;  
And grateful, in the heart's best overflow,  
The Lovers leave awhile the dell's soft gloom,  
To range the spicy groves and valleys of perfume.

Thus, arm in arm, the Island they explore,  
And mark the boundaries of their domain,—  
Where sea-green billows wash the flowery shore,  
Drink the rich fragrance, winged from hill and plain,  
And ebbing, bear it to the azure main.  
Pleased at each step, where Nature, ever mild,  
Her rosy sceptre swayed in peaceful reign,  
They wandered through the gay, luxuriant wild,  
Where Spring spread all her pomp, Autumn his largess piled.

So passed the hours,—so glowed the varied scene,  
As if Enchantment, for their pleasure, played  
Her changeful art around her King and Queen ;  
Till, wearied with delight, they sought the glade,  
Reclined at rest beneath the breezy shade.  
Within the dell, at evening they retired,  
And slumbered undisturbed, till Morning laid  
Her torch upon the sky, the orient fired,  
And heaven, and earth, and sea, with rosy light inspired.

And here, in this terrestrial paradise,  
Where Pleasure on a bed of beauty lay,  
Beneath blue heavens, mild as Italian skies,  
As rose and set for them th' unclouded day,  
Four blissful weeks the Lovers passed away,  
Which glided like a dream ; as ever bright,  
Peace, Mirth, and Innocence in triple play,  
Led the full dance of joy in ceaseless flight,  
And charmed the waking dawn, and the retiring night.

But even here a cloud could dim the smile,—  
Down in the deep abyss their wardrobes lay ;  
And the light clothes in which they made the Isle,  
Long saturate with brine, 'gan show decay,  
While each light rent grew desperate day by day.  
Came not deliverance soon, what should they do,  
When time had worn their garments quite away ?  
This was a question easy asked, tis true ;  
But which, to answer, would puzzle the Wandering Jew.

And much it puzzled them :—With anxious face  
They scanned the matter o'er, fain to devise  
Some certain means, wherewith they might replace  
Th' uncertain texture of their frail disguise.  
But how, or whence to draw the wished supplies,  
Not e'en necessity, invention's mother,  
In this appalling strait could aught advise :—  
They were in a dilemma, or a pother ;  
And, mystified with projects, gazed on one another.

Ingenious girl !—for 'twas Hyperia's thought,  
That, from the sea-grass waving by the shore,  
A light, convenient mantle might be wrought,  
And not ungraceful,—thrown the shoulders o'er,  
And tied, or looped, or buttoned down before.  
To which Orlando gave his glad assent,  
Adding, that he could weave a fathom or more  
Of sennet in a trice. And then they went  
To slumber in a bower, and dream of this event.

But Fate relenting, saved from Eden's shame,  
Chiefly as Love did watch with jealous care :—  
A stately vessel toward the island came,  
T' obtain a fresh supply of water there ;  
And furling sail, moored her best bower where  
The crystal stream, which headed up the glen,  
And wound its course along the valley fair,  
Flowed to the sea.—The boats were launched, and then  
They gayly pulled for shore, the Captain and his men.

The fragrant charm which burst upon his view,—  
Fair trees with gold and purple viands hung,  
The land-breeze humid with the morning dew,  
Roving the branches and the flowers among ;  
The brilliant pluméd birds, with silver tongue  
Waking the echoes to responsive glee,—  
Allured the chief, a gallant swart and young,  
As up the dell he wandered carelessly,  
To while away an hour ere he put off to sea.

He passed the grove of palms, and wound his way  
Beneath the orange trees' delightful shade,  
Plucking the fruit, or sorting a nosegay  
From ranks of flowers along the path arrayed ;  
And, little dreaming, as he onward strayed,  
Of an adventure in these peaceful bowers,  
Stumbled upon the Lover and the Maid,  
Slumbering away the cool and early hours  
Upon a fragrant couch of verdure, dew, and flowers.

In sudden wonder held, the sailor stood,  
And mutely gazed upon the vision fair,  
Where lay the mated Genii of the wood,—  
The Raven-locks, and the light Golden-hair.  
Such manly grace,—such maiden beauty rare,  
By land or sea had never met his eye ;  
And he 'gan look upon them as a pair  
Of bright Immortals, from the fields on high,  
Upon a tour of pleasure from their native sky.

And still he gazed, as angels gazed before  
Upon the twain reclined in Paradise,  
Amid celestial bloom:—But how much more  
Was he enchanted, as her gazelle eyes  
The maid uncurtained, and, with wild surprise,  
Hid in her lover's breast her glowing face :  
The truth flashed on his soul,—not from the skies  
Had they descended, but, of mortal race,  
He saw th' Hyperion and Hebe of the place.

A shriek, or something like it—it might be  
A cry of joy that she was not alone—  
Which from the maiden broke quite suddenly,  
And rather in a sharp and piercing tone,  
Awoke her lover; who, I needs must own,  
Slept rather sounder than a lover should;  
But starting up, confronted the unknown,  
At first sight, in no very pleasant mood :—  
Maidens less fair than she have caused a bloody feud.

But this rencontre proved a gentle meeting,  
Benignant Providence ordained it so ;  
The stranger bowed, and to his friendly greeting  
Hyperia curtsied gracefully and low.  
Orlando, reassured, gave language flow,  
And briefly to th' astonished mariner  
Rehearsed their gloomy tale of wreck and woe,  
And rescue on the Isle :—Blest harbinger  
Of this long wished-for hour, they did their prayers prefer.

I need not lengthen out my story here,  
By quoting all the converse which ensued  
Betwixt the parties,—how the joyful tear  
Fell from Hyperia's eyes, and e'en subdued  
The hardy seaman to the "melting mood."  
With sweet regret they bade the Isle farewell,  
Where dwelt Delight in flowery solitude :—  
The ship unmoored, from off the land she fell,  
And, steering for Cape May, light rode th' Atlantic swell.

There were two lady passengers on board,—  
A blonde, the Captain's sister and his pet,  
With her companion, whom he'd long implored,  
For she was arch, and played him the coquette.  
With raven tresses, eyes of sparkling jet,  
And lips like two red plums of Santa Fé, (?)  
In sooth, she was as pretty a brunette  
As ever stole a heart, or went to sea  
To plague the honest tar that wooed her company.

To these the fair Hyperia was consigned ;  
The Captain undertook Orlando's case :  
And, what with warm ablutions, and the kind  
Attentions of their hosts, in a brief space  
Did each appear with renovated grace,—  
Hyperia in a silk of violet hue,  
And mantelet of muslin, trimmed with lace :  
Orlando, shaved by one of the ship's crew,  
And quite at home, once more, in a full suit of blue.

The voyage is fair, the Western shore is gained,  
The maiden's home receives the long-lost pair ;  
And let the meeting riot unrestrained,  
For who can paint the triumph o'er despair ?  
The sailor's welcome is a brave affair :  
The mother's kiss,—the blessing of the sire,—  
The sister's tear,—the homage of the fair.  
Virtue applauds, while Beauty doth admire,  
And rich in such reward, true honor asks no higher.



Orlando, I have said or sung before,  
Had lost his all, and scarce was worth a dime;  
No fertile glebes for him adorned the shore,  
And all his funds lay in the Bank of Time.  
Still, like a beggar of the old régime,  
Amid the wreck of all, survived his pride;  
And in a fit—he thought—of the sublime,  
Affected thus toward his affianced bride,  
Which less did honor him, than her it glorified.

“Restored to friends, to home, to all life’s charm,  
Be thy youth joyous as the violet Spring:—  
For me, the skies are wintry, and the storm  
My fate is to contend with, on the wing.  
I would not fetter thee, or rudely bring  
A shadow o’er thy path:—Therefore be free,  
I yield thy pledge,—though to affix that ring  
Which weds thy hand, had fortune in degree  
Left us in equal poise, the guerdon were for thee.”

She gazed upon him, as in doubt and fear  
What he did mean, while from her glist’ning eye  
Fell on her paling cheek that silent tear,  
Which wakes within the breast the sharpest sigh:—  
“And could’st thou think, companion dear, that I  
Exchanged my virgin troth for aught but thine;  
Or woe betide us, ’neath a future sky,  
Greater than that dread wreck did late combine?—  
Love holds thee to thy pledge, though fortune all be mine.”

“Forgive, my fair, I cannot doubt thy truth;  
But, bankrupt as I am, ’twere base in me  
To tempt thy beauty, gentleness and youth  
To my rude course of life, which scarce is free.  
My fortune is my sword,—my home the sea;  
If such cold gift chill not thy priceless hand,  
’Tis thine,—my faith will I redeem to thee.  
In peace, in war,—on ocean, or on land,  
Henceforth my love and pride are slaves at thy command.”

Bright dawned the Morn that ushered all their bliss,  
And, as the choral lark mounts up the skies,  
Salutes the Orient with her rosiest kiss,  
And decks the hill-tops in celestial dyes.  
From Flora’s realm a thousand odors rise,  
Caught in ascent on thousand crystal wings;  
While vocal Pan, with sweetest melodies,  
Leads forth the Sylvan train, and Nature springs  
In all her dewy bloom, and all her tribute brings.

Four graceful nymphs attend upon the Bride,  
Four stately gallants wait upon the Groom;  
He moves all radiant in youthful pride,  
And she all beautiful in maiden bloom:—  
Circling her brow, a chaplet breathes perfume  
From York’s pale rose,—emblem of purity;  
While mantling o’er her cheek in soft illume,  
Sweet as the blush of May on Flora’s lea,  
Its damask sister burns on her virginity.

In airy folds descending from her waist,  
A robe embroidered, of unsullied white,  
Fell on the ground, a train of tissue chaste,  
That swept the flowery sward in measure light.  
In waving curls and golden ringlets bright  
Her tresses wandered,—while her starry eyes,  
Bright as bright Hesperus, beamed forth delight  
From Beauty's heaven, where rosy rapture lies,  
And tempts the adoring youth to Love's idolatries.

I wot that day Time moved in tardy flight,  
And seemed a sluggard, till the ardent king  
Resigned his sceptre to the queen of night,  
And slumbered in the west.—The revelling,  
The song, the dance are o'er : on purple wing  
Torch-bearing Hymen leaves th' Idalian grove,  
To light the nuptial bower. Till the dayspring,  
Th' exulting Muse retires from the alcove,  
And draws the curtain round the couch of wedded love.

My song is ended :—Those who list the strain,  
May read the moral in the numbers wrought.  
Youth, as it launches forth upon the main—  
The sea of life—with noble purpose fraught,  
Shall make the grand discovery, untaught  
In human lore. Though fickle Fortune frown,  
And, tempest-tost, earth's hopes seem crushed to nought,  
Virtue shall gain the odds, secure the crown,  
And reign supreme in bliss, as glorious in renown.

That hallowed tie which binds with silken bands,  
Charming with influence sweet life's varied way,  
Unites the spirits while it joins the hands  
Of those alone, who, in life's op'ning day,  
Yield TRUTH their homage,—her behests obey.  
In either breast those dear attachments rise,  
Which glow the warmer as their years decay ;  
And, like the bow of promise in the skies,  
Smile through the storms of life, and cheer its parting sighs.

I've drawn a Maiden, rich in every grace  
Which can adorn the woman ; at her side  
A Youth, of noble soul, exalts the place  
Heaven destined man to fill :—His is the pride  
Of honor, hers the beauty deified  
By purity of heart ; and such shall bloom  
The brighter when adversity hath tried ;—  
Their end, like faded roses, breathe perfume,  
Which song and lips as pure shall hallow from the tomb.

All are not such as these my Lovers are,  
Graceful in sentiment, and nobly good :  
Alas ! that beings formed by Heaven so fair,  
Cannot, or will not, keep the golden mood.  
Licentious passions sully Youth's warm blood,  
And Beauty's cheek oft wears the tint of shame :  
Less real grace, in truth, is understood,  
Than senseless gallants wreath around her name,—  
That bearded herd, whose touch is death to maiden fame.

The infant girl coquets, scarce three feet high ;  
The riper maiden of fifteen knows more  
Than her grandmother knew, in days gone by,  
When girls were coy,—when rural Beauty wore  
The virgin jewel, modesty, and bore  
Her vestal honors fair :—Now changed the scene,  
And loss of delicacy we deplore.  
The shrub is still luxuriant and green,  
But ah, its damask buds are few and far between.

Virtue's a base commodity in life,  
And he's a fool, at forty years of age,  
Who deems the world reformed :—Wealth wins a wife,  
Where poor but honest Worth can seldom wage  
Successful rivalry. There is a rage  
For luxury abroad, which soils the robe  
Of female purity ; and I'll engage,  
That the first question asked o'er half the globe,  
Is, "Are his prospects fair?"—the answer ends the probe.

While passion burns in the warm veins of youth,  
And purple Hope leads up life's glowing morn,  
Experience to the lover tells this truth,—  
There never bloomed a rose without a thorn ;  
And many a wretch that wanders now forlorn,  
Once thought the floweret's lustre ne'er could fade,  
Or breathe an air less fragrant. Man is born <sup>(8)</sup>  
To disappointment, and hath ever paid  
More for his toys, than they are fairly worth in trade.



So to the gentler sex, the Maiden fair,  
Upon whose cheek sits shrinking modesty,  
I for her sake the self-same truth declare,  
While yet her hand, if not her heart, be free.  
Mark well—not ill—the Youth who sues to thee  
For thy LIFE'S HOPE! nor trust him without thought:  
Fair is the foliage of the Upas tree,  
But with a subtle drug its core is fraught,—  
Beaus are not always MEN, and girls should thus be taught.

The City throngs with those of noble mien, (°)  
Of winning manner, and polite address;  
In Woman's chastening presence, ever seen  
Modest and moral:—Yet, with arts not less  
Subtle than Lucifer erst used to press  
Fair Eve to sin, win Beauty's confidence,  
And, as the serpent charms, tempt loveliness,  
With sweet and all resistless violence,  
To glut a VAMPIRE'S rage!—and hopeless fall from thence.

Alas for Virtue, and her holy cause,  
In this fair land which Freedom claims her own!  
Divorce is sanctioned by unhallowed laws,  
And infidelity stalks not alone  
O'er other realms; here hath she reared her throne  
On moral ruin,—WEDDED TRUTH, I ken,  
Its rites profaned, its altars overthrown!  
I think the world more graceless now, than when  
The deluge overwhelmed bad women, and worse men.



Marriage is sacred, and no human law <sup>(10)</sup>  
May abrogate the Institute Divine :  
The union Heaven decreed, as pleased it saw  
Domestic bliss the rosy rite entwine,  
And Lov's pure offering grace the hallowed shrine.  
Death,—and death only,—may dissolve the tie ; <sup>(11)</sup>  
And though the great and wise of earth combine  
To rend the bands, sin at their door shall lie,  
And TRUTH accuse them at the judgment bar on high.

The warning is well meant, toward Youth and Maid, <sup>(12)</sup>  
For our first Parents' graces seem now scarce ;—  
Courtship's a cheat,—an overreaching trade,  
And wedlock little better than a farce ;  
Or rather, it is often something worse,—  
Ending in tragedy. God make us better,  
And purify the UNION of its curse !  
Beauty wed Worth, e'en to the very letter,  
And bless, through life, the day Love bound the rosy fetter.

O charming is the Garden of my Muse,  
Where blooms the Amaranth, immortal flower !  
Where hallowed Love dissolves ambrosial dews,  
And heaven-born Beauty blossoms on the bower :—  
Here bend of earth the pride, the pomp, the power,  
The rich, the poor, the bondman, and the free ;  
Liegemen to WOMAN, yielding all her dower,  
Incense and gold, the heart's high chivalry,  
A tribute wide as earth,—deep as th' unfathomed sea.

Here bow I too, and joyously admire  
The picture fair my fervid fancy draws ;  
For it, essay with art the Tuscan lyre,  
In true accord with Nature's holy laws.  
While gallant men award HER just applause,  
Whom Heaven bestows to charm life's transient term,  
Thy sweet constraints, O Universal Cause !  
Shall bind the race in gentle fealty, firm,  
To Beauty's heavenly sway, whence being owes its germ.

So loved Pygmalion the statue fair  
His hands had wrought, and prayed Olympian Jove  
To animate the marble with the air  
Of vital being, from the skies above :—  
The King of gods the suppliant did approve,  
And sent the wingéd herald, Mercury,  
To warm the image with the breath of Love,  
Which woke to life, like Venus from the sea,  
To bless the Artist's arms with Maiden purity.

O happy Pair ! who, in life's purple morn,  
Have drank the self-same cup of earthly sorrow !  
Henceforth th' inconstant hours may well be borne,  
Prepared for smiles to-day, or tears to-morrow ;  
From apprehension pain no more shall borrow,  
But, taught by stern adversity, resign  
Your hopeful way, or be it broad or narrow,  
To Him whose eye marks land and sea benign,  
And not a sparrow falls without the LORD DIVINE.

Be greatly blest :—Benignant Heaven send down  
Its brightest influences to charm your way ;  
All Love's delight youth's jocund morning crown,  
And solace sober age in twilight gray ;—  
The while Time wings the circling months away,  
A blooming progeny in virtue rear,  
Happy and lovely as yourselves,—so may  
Life's autumn fade into the yellow sere,  
As Indian Summer fades, and glorifies the Year.

Haply—when Time hath silvered o'er my head,  
And life's dim lamp is flickering to its close,  
To whatsoever spot I may be led  
By Heaven's kind hand, to find that last repose,  
Where fade Earth's pleasures and resolve its woes—  
I may not then regret, or vainly weep,  
That when to tune the Doric reed I rose,  
A Wanderer awoke from slothful sleep,  
And sang, though rude the strain, a Legend of the Deep.

## NOTES.



## NOTES TO CANTO I.

---

(1) "*I court the ear of youth,*"—

Though the burden of this poem is ostensibly a tale of love and shipwreck, the writer hesitates not to solicit the youthful reader to accompany him in all his digressions, as he winds the mazy path he has chosen to arrive at the denouement. He trusts that he has had a higher aim than the simple rehearsal of a story of love and peril. The ramble will be found a varied one, diversified with cloud and sunshine, the rugged upland and the blooming dell. He hopes to awaken and vivify for after good some of the best feelings and sentiments of the youthful breast;—to touch some of its chords to answering music; that the God of Love and Purity may be glorified in the blissful lives of the noblest and fairest of His creation, heralding and accelerating the advent of that promised day, when "*The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.*"

(2) "*And now they prayed who never prayed before.*"

This is verified by various and indubitable testimony. Not to speak of the gay and thoughtless, hopeful and buoyant under the generous impulses of youth, as yet untainted by pernicious principles and guiltless of



fatal error, but in whose bosom conscience is still sensitive, and the claims of duty acknowledged:—not to mention such, the incorrigibly vile, the daring rebel against God and Truth, in the sudden confronting of danger and death, where bravado and prowess are equally impotent, is fain to become a suppliant from the constraints of fear, not the humility of penitence. Surely if the bold blasphemer is thus unmanned to the very trembling of guilt, when forced to realize that there is but a plank betwixt him and death,—alike shrinking back from the grave with the comparatively innocent,—it were well, at least in view of a possible contingency, to bend the ear to the voice of Wisdom, and early make preparation for that most important event in life,—its termination.

(3) “ *There is a path, which, taken in life’s prime,  
Leads to a vale of verdure, fruits, and flowers.*”

I would earnestly impress upon the youthful reader of either sex, commencing life, the absolute necessity, if they would propose to themselves even a moderate terrestrial felicity, of starting aright. No postulate is more self-evident to the understanding and conscience, than that there are but two paths through the land of temporal existence,—the *right*, and the *wrong*. It is not less obvious, that these are as diverse and adverse to each other as light and darkness, summer and winter. Let youth beware, too, of presuming on the future; of flattering themselves, that after having roved all the bowers of pleasure, sported away the golden hours of time, and indulged to satiety the imagination, appetites, and passions, that they can return at will from the errors and the romance, to the constancy and realities of existence. Too often will it be found, that the will itself has parted with its own volition;—that the violated being, enervated and diseased in all its faculties, is left to its fate, with no desire to recover, or power to make the effort.

- (4) "*Well the PULASKI had herself sustained—  
For to the noble Pole her name she owed.*"

COUNT CASIMIR PULASKI. He defended, to the last, the independence of his country against Russia, Austria, and Prussia, and went into exile when that was overthrown, and Poland dismembered. He came to America shortly after the breaking out of the War of the Revolution, received from Congress the appointment of Brigadier General, and fell, in the course of that memorable contest, a martyr to liberty, in the assault on Savannah, 1779. In the course of his military service in this country, he raised a corps of men, styled the Pulaski Legion, which he commanded in person.

- (5) "*How beautiful is night upon the sea.*"

The recollection of these tropic nights at sea, is invariably one of pleasure. The "watch on deck" is accustomed to pass the first hours of evening in song, or the rehearsal of tales and anecdotes connected with the sea. In pleasant weather, and the ship under a topsail breeze, nothing can be more cheering. The eye is agreeably entertained with the brilliant sparkling of the surging waters, the course of the flying-fish as they rise from the wave,—frequently, when pursued by the dolphin, falling on shipboard,—the blowing of the unwieldy grampus, as it lazily ploughs the billows, and the occasional gleam of the snowy pinion of the tropic bird, in devious flight, apparently as restless by night as by day.

- (6) "*The Booby sleeps upon the quarter-rail.*"

This is a marine bird, about the size of a pigeon. It has received the significant sobriquet of "Booby" from seamen, from its apparently drowsy and listless nature, invariably closing its eyes, and sinking into a

slumber, immediately upon alighting. This bird frequently visits vessels in the warm latitudes, when it is readily captured by the seaman.

(7) “ *There is a native sympathy refined,  
Warming the bosom of ingenuous youth.*”

The incongruity of unequal unions between youth and old age has been happily illustrated by contrasting December with May. Young women are too often rendered miserable for life, by the *ungenerous* association of unequal years. Temper and mind may be brought gently and gradually to harmonize and assimilate ; but to approximate in years where a wide disparity exists, is hopeless. It is greatly to be regretted, that in marriages a correspondency in this respect is not more peremptorily insisted on. This unnatural association is undoubtedly, in many instances, improperly influenced, on the one part by pecuniary, on the other by more reprehensible motives ; and the blame of *error* and *abuse* may justly attach, in no inconsiderable degree, to *fashionable men*, who, having dissipated their youth in a whirlwind of criminal indulgence, and grown callous and unprincipled in their unmanly selfishness, are prepared to *tempt* innocence to the vortex of their own ruin, and blast the hope and the beauty of Nature in the immolation of the loveliest of her children.

(8) “ *To wealth he cringed not, nor to office bowed,  
Which knaves and cowards do, to their disgrace.*”

There could be but one opinion among intelligent and upright men, in respect to most political leaders, did they look upon them as they really are, without permitting party predilections to blind and pervert the judgment, viz., a general acquiescence and consent to the conviction, that these mouthing patriots are but another class of gamblers, destitute of intrinsic worth, and relying upon none of the nobler principles and motives of action to form and establish a reputable character. The

demagogue loses nothing in the cast of the ballot, his own stake being but cunning and duplicity, too often successfully exerted to win the support of the credulous, the uninformed, and the careless; while, if he be fortunate in climbing to power, the public purse,—the only incentive to his ambition,—becomes his certain prey. I desire more particularly to lead the attention of young men to these facts, as respects the mass of aspirants after popular favor and office, because matured youth is the time, if ever, to call the sagacious element of the mind into action, when the physical man, conscious of power, is preparing to test his perfected vigor. This period is emphatically the commencement of *the march of life*,—the anterior condition of childhood and youth developing only the preparatory discipline—and which, to prove successful in securing the great prizes of fortune, fame, and honor, must, from the outset, be under the guidance of a discretionary, a lucid, and disciplined judgment. A young man, thus early accustomed to habits of thought, comparison and circumspection, will scarce become the dupe of the political demagogue:—he will take his platforms, his asseverations, his empty eloquence, all at their true value, and be neither misled by prating parrots, nor overreached by cunning foxes.

(9) “ *There are who barter Truth for Mammon’s hire,  
The heart’s integrity for yellow dross.’* ”

The writer has felt himself compelled to notice, and at considerable length, the fearful tendency of the age to a debasing corruption of manner and life, springing chiefly from an inordinate, and not unfrequently criminal, craving after riches, the reprehensible passion for luxury and display, and a dishonorable strife for political distinction and emoluments:—as it were a triple union of demoralizing agents, disturbing the social elements, tossing them like a troubled sea, and soiling society, near and remote, with the mire and dirt evolved by the tempest of a moral apostasy.

(10) "*Or hath Columbia furnished but one REED.*"

I have answered this question at the close of the stanza, rather in the license of poetry, than in accordance with the probable fact. Indeed, I would not be understood in so extreme a sense;—truly believing that the "few" are by no means an inconsiderable number; nay, that away from cities and the contagion of fashionable life, they are in a conserving preponderance. Nevertheless, the reply of the American Patriot to the British Commissioners: "*I am poor, but your king is not rich enough to buy me!*" will stand in isolated grandeur, to the end of Time, more imperishable than

— "bond in stone and ever-during brass,"

to immortalize the dead.

(11) "*Deuce take the jade, who flies as I pursue.*"

The morsel of philosophy in this stanza, and a few others, is, in truth, but an acknowledgment on the part of the writer, that in his pursuit of fortune, he was mainly "castle-building." If, at times, he is betrayed into a smile at the recollection of both his follies and mishaps, he is yet more frequently disposed to regret the former, while he reserves his philosophy for the latter.

(12) "*Some say the world's unequal: rather this;—  
Equal in blessing, differing in condition.*"

The blessings of Providence are undoubtedly impartial and universal, like the descending dews; and there would be infinitely less discontent and complaining in the world, did men more justly appreciate the gifts of the Creator. A humble condition in life does not necessarily debar one from its present or future enjoyments; unless, indeed, such condition

has resulted from indolence or viciousness. The human race is subject, and ever has been, to what is termed *the accidents of birth*, and other adventitious circumstances; but these seldom, if ever, control individual fortune. Integrity of purpose, and persevering effort, will gain, so to speak, the odds of fate itself; and as a general rule, every young man has it in his power, by wise and faithful effort, to appropriate that amount of sublunary good necessary to his personal felicity.

(13) “*Gray, and Girard, and tall John Jacob Astor.*”

This line was originally written,

“*Gray, and Girard, and the still breathing Astor.*”

The death of the latter gentleman rendered a new version imperative; and I was pleased to find myself able, with the aid of a distinctive adjective, to introduce, in perfect euphony, the entire name of this distinguished Millionaire.

(14) “*Held by no youth-endear'd maternal ties,  
I roved from clime to clime, from shore to shore.*”

Perhaps there is not another misfortune to which childhood may be subjected, so irreparable as the loss of a mother. Twins, of whom the writer is the survivor and elder, became orphans four weeks subsequent to birth, our maternal parent closing her eyes in death at the early age of eighteen. As memory reverts back through the long vista of years, and marks, as they rise in succession from the grave of the past, the panoramic scenery of a troubled life, the impression is but strengthened the more, that the loss of the mother involved the loss of all. The autobiographic digressions,—the apparent egotism winding itself among much of the poetic incident,—are in part the result of this germ of sorrow, which, in its expansion, has tinged in greater or less degree all the



thoughts and feelings. Should, however, a salutary lesson be found in these portions of the poem, and the youthful reader, from the perusal, be confirmed in correct principles, or timely warned to the avoidance of error, or encouraged to contend against difficulty and adversity, the writer cannot doubt that he will be pardoned this partial exhibition of the course of a wanderer.

(15) “ *These seven dark transgressors thus I note.*”

In revising for the press, I was a little doubtful respecting the classing of the “seven,” and balanced a few moments on the propriety of substitutes for the three first. But the grim spectres of Broken Bank, Depreciated Stock, and Flour Riot, starting up in all their deformity, like Mackbeth’s witches, decided me ; and the Ethiopic harmony of the phalanx was left undisturbed.

(16) “ *Certes, he never swore :—yet oft would sigh  
That earth-born worms should thus with oaths assault the sky.*”

Many a well-dressed swearer considers himself a gentleman, and would be ready to resent as an insult the questioning of his title to that distinction. For myself, I do not believe that any *true* gentleman ever stoops to this most base and contemptible vice. I have, of course, heard many attempt to extenuate their indulgence in the habit, by referring it to thoughtlessness ; but I can assure such, that no *true* gentleman is a thoughtless, much less a *wicked* being.

(17) “ *And why should not the Devil play the priest.*”

Satan being the acknowledged author of evil, I can perceive no impropriety in using the more common appellation by which he is design-

nated. We petition to be saved from "the world, the flesh, and the devil;" and as the author of evil, I doubt not the Arch-Deceiver uses this very rite to accomplish his designs against the human race, as Providence does to counteract and control them. To this end he excites the passions to an unnatural rebellion against the rational and moral perceptions:—kindling up in the bosom surrendered to his influence, and bent upon the consummation of an unworthy attachment, the passionate and debasing sentiment, which I have known to gush like molten fire from the lips of beautiful woman, that "*she would please her eye, though she pained her heart.*" Who then will doubt the agency of the Demon in effecting, as in dissolving the union of the sexes?

(18) "————— *The prize is won,  
Time lifts the veil, he finds himself undone,  
And love's romance is o'er !*"

Another deplorable consequence of *unequal* matches results from a dissimilarity of temper and mind. It has been admitted that these differences *may* in time approximate towards an agreement, but this is by no means certain; and still less that two beings, thus found in disjunctive conjunction, should make a virtue of necessity, and resign themselves to a cheerless philosophic companionship, that must ever travel in the shade on opposite sides of the road. A separation, either mutual, or for cause, is too often the miserable conclusion.

(19) "*To plant the germ, to train the tender stalk,  
To watch the budding and expanding flower.*"

Home is the appropriate attractive sphere of woman, no less the temple of the Virtues than the shrine of the Graces, where she most serenely displays all the fascinating charms of her nature. The domestic kingdom is hers by right no less than propriety, where she may sit legitimate

queen, and sway the sceptre of beauty over the empire of love. Here her employments and recreations are susceptible of endless variety, wherein pleasure and improvement need never be separated,—in their union of pursuit going far to secure and perpetuate her real felicity. If a wife and mother, how delightful her avocations in the care of her offspring, growing up from infancy to youth beneath her watchful guardianship,—charming her eye, inspiring her affections, rejoicing her hopes, and dignifying her existence! The Flower Garden is part of the domain of home, and the love of flowers, and a delight in their cultivation, is not the least interesting feature in female character. No man, that is a man, can regard a beautiful woman engaged in this delicate occupation, without being impressed with a sense of innocence and refinement. I have said a *beautiful* woman, without intending the descriptive quality as partial, but rather general, for all women are beautiful who love and take pleasure in the cultivation of flowers. It was a graceful reply of an unmarried lady, to a gentleman, who asked why she appeared so attached to her flowers,—“ These, Sir, are my children.”

(20) “ *As Queen VICTORIA, whose fame is wider.*”

I cannot refrain from expressing here the deep admiration and respect which I entertain toward the character and person of this exalted Lady. As the illustrious head of a great people, she wears the brilliant coronet of earthly glory ;—as the presiding genius at the domestic altar, the affectionate Wife, the tender Mother, she shines more radiant in the diadem of virtue. Her example—an independent sovereign, and yet so superior to Elizabeth—is one for her sex to copy, as well this side the Atlantic, as in the realms over which she immediately presides ; and while my fair young countrywomen compliment her in assuming the jewelled *bandelette*, may they continue to appreciate the serenest beauty and more enduring excellence of that chaste domestic tie, which, like an Amaran-

thine chain let down from heaven, binds Truth and Love indissolubly to the heart and to the life.

The feelings, and resulting actions of youth, are the truest index of character; and I trust I shall be pardoned in presenting as an illustration the following beautiful moral trait, worth all the sentimentalism of ages, and which commends itself equally to the Beauty and the Chivalry of a world.

It is related of Queen VICTORIA, that during the first few days of her accession to the throne,—then a girl between nineteen and twenty—some sentences from a court-martial were presented for signature. One was death for desertion; a soldier was condemned to be shot, and his death warrant was presented to the Queen for her signature. She read it, paused, and looking up to the officer who had laid it before her, said, “Have you nothing to say in behalf of this man?” “Nothing: he has deserted three times,” said the officer. “THINK AGAIN! my lord,” was her reply. “And,” said the gallant veteran, as he related the circumstance to his friends (for it was none other than the Duke of Wellington), “seeing her Majesty so earnest about it, I said, he is certainly a bad soldier, but there was somebody who spoke to his good character, and he may be a good man for aught I know to the contrary.” “Oh, thank you a thousand times!” exclaimed the youthful Queen, and hastily writing *pardoned* in large characters on the fatal page, she sent it across the table, her hand trembling with eagerness and beautiful emotion.

(21) *Degrading sight!—abhorrent and abhorred!*”

The censure is aimed solely at the presence of females at executions, where they are public, and not intended to question or oppose the justice and necessity, which demands that the convicted murderer should pay the extreme penalty of death. It is more than forty years since the writer was first present at the execution of a murderer, in this city; and about twelve years since he witnessed a similar exhibition in Cincinnati.

On both occasions many thousands of young women, as well as those of maturer age, were among the spectators.

(21) "*As belted Jove leads up, in grand array,  
The midnight march in Heaven.*"

The planet Jupiter, the largest planet belonging to our solar system, whose disk appears, through a telescope, to be crossed by bands, or belts, of varying colors.

## NOTES TO CANTO II.

---

(1) "*And e'en the Slavery which is thy curse,  
The Muse may not in numbers harsh rehearse.*"

The "curse" of slavery is quite as well known, and its evils probably more intelligently appreciated in the South, than with us at the North. It is but justice towards the Southern people to say, that they are, generally, feelingly alive to the social evils which it has introduced and continues to perpetuate. But time and prudence, the mild spirit of religion, and the native chivalry of the Southern people will, we think, ultimately effect a happy and equable adjustment of their social elements, which shall elevate the Negro in the scale of humanity, and fit him, intellectually and morally, for the active pursuits and responsibilities of life. And this desirable amelioration of his condition would be more rapidly and securely effected, if the influences already in motion were permitted quietly and orderly to proceed, first modifying, then reforming, and eventually expunging the malady. The Southern people are undoubtedly fully competent to the task of eradicating slavery. It is their own proper work, and, left to them, as it should be, will doubtless be accomplished in the proper way, and at the proper time.



(2) "*Till desperation drives to that mad crime  
Which soils her vestal purity.*"

I have become so convinced from observation and reflection, that impoverished means, growing out of an ungenerous and inadequate compensation for labor, is one great cause of so many derelictions from virtue, as well here as in the old world, that I could heartily wish the injustice were controlled by some stringent legislative enactment. Too many will do right only from policy, or compulsion. The life of the Factory, with its minute bell, its watchful overseers, its half-hour dinner lunch, and its twelve hours daily labor, is often more onerous than the condition of the slave ; and this remark is applicable to many other branches of employment in which working girls are engaged, as well in cities as in villages. Besides, numerous avocations, peculiarly suited to the sex, are usurped by young men and boys, to the shame be it spoken of the one, and the almost certain feminizing of the other.

(3) ————"and half inclined  
To aid him in a pass of gallantry,  
The lady stumbled—"

No indelicacy is here attributed, nor any satire intended. I had no way of introducing the pair on shipboard,—where it could alone take place,—but through the kindly interposition of the elements. The course of the acquaintance and courtship had thus, of necessity, to conform to the eccentricity of the introduction.

(4) "*Fortune, thou golden goddess, painted blind.*"

This stanza, which might be regarded as somewhat equivocal, may, perhaps, require a brief explanation. I would not, by any means, be thought to affirm that riches are necessary to the happiness of married life ; only, that as an accessory, they may prove a fortunate acquisition. There is the most ample and incontrovertible evidence, not only from

history and biography, but in unnumbered living illustrations, shining gloriously forth in every clime, that there are to be found numberless young women, portionless in the language of the world, but rich in graceful virtues and warm affections, who are personally in themselves endowed, a fortune—and one not subject to the vicissitudes of money and estate—to any man who knows how to esteem and cherish the blessing.

(5) *"She wanders with her babes, content to go*

*Where'er his fortune lead, through toil and strife."*

I have the mingled happiness and regret of knowing an estimable young woman, in humble life, who might have sat for this picture. The mother of two lovely little girls, just stepping into childhood, and the wife of a man utterly unworthy of the treasure,—who has rewarded her virgin love with unkindness, her fidelity with reproach; made her acquainted with want, and penury, and sorrow, and crushed all her young hopes under the incubus of a heartless intemperance,—she yet clings to him as the father of her children, smiles upon him in his periods of sober sanity, and meekly bending where she cannot control, refuses to give him up, whom the world has already abandoned. Incomparable woman! shut up by penury and suffering from admiration, as the jewel lies hid in the gloomy depths of the mine, but whose price is far above that of rubies.

(6) —*"Splice the main brace."*—

It was formerly a very general custom on board vessels at sea, and which is still observed to a considerable extent, particularly in ships of war, to pipe an extra allowance of "grog" when the men had been subjected to unusual toil and privation, as in stormy weather, and severe, protracted gales. This is called, among seamen, *splicing the main brace*.

## NOTES TO CANTO III.

---

(1) "*He let a volley of his wrath aloud.*"

It should not be thought that Orlando, betrayed by the catastrophe of the ship into a sudden ebullition of language, is guilty of expressions stronger than might be used in venting a slight malediction. It will, however, be discovered, that he is not drawn as faultless as his partner; from the fact, as appears by observation and experience, that religion, while it softens and smooths, does not entirely eradicate the asperities and rough points of our nature, which, in the hardier sex, circumstances do often unexpectedly expose in something of their native deformity. It would seem that some roots of degeneracy are left even in the renewed nature, usually termed weaknesses, to try and test its constancy, as fragments of the Canaanite nations were left in Palestine, to test the obedience of the people of God.

(2) "*Southeast, the course to which we tend, there lie  
A cluster, known as the Bahamas.*"

The Bahamas are a numerous cluster of islands, lying to the eastward of Cape Florida, and north of Cuba, numbering, it is said, about one thousand,—by far the greater number, however, being nothing more

than barren rocks. The reader versed in maritime geography, may select from among the larger and more luxuriant, one for the residence of the Lovers,—which include Bahama, Abaco, Eleuthera, Nassau, St. Salvadore, Andras, &c., &c.

(3) "*When the Red Revers, red with human gore.*"

The period here referred to, has no relation to the times of the Buccaneers. It includes about a quarter of a century, from 1800 to 1824, during all which period the navigation of the Gulf of Mexico was rendered more or less dangerous by the presence of pirates.

(4) "*That madd'ning thirst, which owns but one desire,  
To drink,—drink deep,—and in the bliss expire!*"

It is impossible for those who have never been subjected to the extremity of thirst, to appreciate, in its full extent, the intense suffering to which persons are often fated on the ocean, under a burning sky, in the total deprivation of fresh water,—a suffering a thousand-fold aggravated by the surrounding deep, whose translucent, but briny billows, roll with bitter tantalizing invitation. I have seen one man perish in the fiery trial.

(5) "*The favorite beverage of Charles the Wise.*"

Charles V. of France, surnamed the Wise. He was successful in repelling the encroachments of England, and compelled Edward III. to sanction the treaty of Bruges, which restored many fine districts to France.

(6) "*The while reflecting he had not a cross,  
To keep the devil off,—as it is said.*"

All coins throughout Christendom were formerly stamped on one side with a cross, and which is continued in some countries at the present

day. A piece of silver, with this talismanics device, was believed to be a protection against Satanic influence. Hence the complete poverty of a person was expressed in the popular language of the times, "He hasn't got a cross to keep the devil off;" "Not worth a cross," &c.

(7) "*Thus they, in grateful and confiding prayer,  
Resign themselves to Heaven.*"

It has been my aim to present the youthful Pair,—the chief, perhaps the only attraction in this poem,—as early imbued with Christian piety, that heavenly principle, which gives the crowning lustre to every other grace in man and woman. And aware that the potency of many an exhibition, whose triumph it is to fascinate the imagination or enchain the intellect, depends as much upon the manner in which it is presented, as upon the beauty or truthfulness of the principle embodied; I could wish (and without any affectation of literary demerit) that my young readers would, for their own sakes, reverse the succession in the present instance, and suffer the principle first to commend itself to the heart and the understanding, in all its native charm and excellence, undimmed and unimpaired by the imperfect, faulty mirror, in which I have attempted its reflection. Youthful virtue is the perfection and security of temporal existence; and Divine Revelation is pregnant with counsel, instruction, and invitation, to "seek first the kingdom of God and His righteousness," with the assurance that "all other things (necessary to our comfort and happiness) shall be added thereunto." Wherefore it is urged in persuasive tones,—"**REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR, IN THE DAYS OF THY YOUTH, BEFORE THE EVIL DAYS COME.**" I have not drawn the Lovers as exempt from the common frailty of humanity, the natural fear of death; but as protected, by the omnipotence of an approving conscience, from its *bitterness*;—that hopeless remorse which attends upon final impenitence. So, when the day of trouble came, that trial day which comes upon all the sons and daughters of Time at some period of life,—and often unforewarned,—although it burst suddenly in all

its terrors, found them not unprepared :—their constancy is unshaken amid the wild desolation of the wreck, the turbulence and darkness of the deep ; and the calm angelic composure in which they sink together in deep slumber on the midnight sea, committing themselves to the guardianship of Him in whom they trust, but feebly exemplifies that “ perfect peace ” which all may have in the hour of danger and tribulation, “ whose mind is stayed on God.”



## NOTES TO CANTO IV.

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(1) "*O Art divine!—celestial Poesy!*

*URANIA bends in sorrow from the skies,*

*And mourns o'er thy dishonor!"*

The original and legitimate office of Poetry was to purify, to polish, and inform mankind; and for this purpose she has ever inspired true Genius with a portion of her own immortal spirit; giving to it the power to perceive and to appropriate the beauties, the analogies, the sublimities of the moral and material creation. Like Virtue, Poetry is unchangeable in her essence, though her votaries, it is feared, have sadly degenerated; or rather, like King Uzziah, numbers have presumptuously approached her altars, without the prophetic mantle or character, and met the fate which ever falls on sacrilege. It is also undoubtedly true, that Poetry has long been, and still is, dishonored by the attempts of mere rhymesters and imitators,—vapid sentimentalists, as hopelessly ignorant of her profound and heavenly mysteries, as they seem familiar with the mechanic jingling of her artificial bells.

(2) "*O thankless he for whom creation spreads*

*Her choicest gifts, for blessing all designed!"*

The unstable, unsatisfied disposition of many young men, leads them, in the pursuit of what they vainly term "fortune," much oftener into the

arid wilderness of toil and trouble, than amid the fruitful valleys of ease and enjoyment. Thoughtlessly do they fly off upon the wings of excitement, without calculating the perils or the end of the course; and with a humiliating dearth of reason and judgment, fondly flatter themselves that to-morrow will not only smile as to-day, but much more abundant. Thus we daily behold them turning their backs upon the graves of their fathers, and those paternal acres which their labor had fenced and made prolific, and unwilling, like them, to lead a life of calm retirement, temperance, and healthful industry; seeking some distant Arcadia in the west, some El Dorado in the south, where nature is represented as realizing the perfections of another Eden, and riches are to be gathered from the surface of earth, more profuse than ever sparkled in the cave of Aladdin. In by far the more numerous cases, these Utopian expectations are sadly disappointed. Health suffers, vigor is paralyzed, enterprise gives way before difficulty and disease, and the adventurer is at length compelled, through inertness and a stern self-imposed necessity, to *drudge* or *shift* for the balance and the better part of life. Strangers occupy the homes which they have despised and deserted, and flourish amid the quiet felicities of a contented husbandry to which they can never more return. It only remains to them to turn back their regretful, longing eyes, toward their native hills and vales, as they hopelessly sigh, "The summer is passed, the harvest is ended," *and we have not gathered.*

(3) "*Enough, that after many a weary day  
And sleepless night upon the tented field.*"

Although for several years a soldier,—one campaign in active service,—I was never but once engaged, where the force was less than five hundred men. The affair, though successful, was too trivial to be vaunted, and is alluded to merely for the purpose of explanation, and to set the reader right, when he finds the writer *poetically* repelling cavalry on a grand field of battle, amid the fiery chivalry and indomitable valor of a

Waterloo. Unless, however, the figure had been boldly carried out, the stanza would have been tame.

(4) "*Child of misfortune, BEAUTY OF THE WEST.*"

HARRIET REDDING, the subject of this and the following stanza, a lovely little girl, living in Cincinnati, was about ten years of age when I first became acquainted with her. Her parents were poor, and the child herself a prey to an incurable nervous affection. It did not, however, in the slightest degree affect her personal charms, which continued to develop in peerless beauty until her sixteenth summer, when, like her sister violet, she faded into heaven.

(5) "*Inspired by gratitude, I too would sing,*  
O RICHARD! O MON PERE!"

RICHARD F. L'HOMMEDIEU, of Cincinnati, Ohio, deceased 1846.—A Gentleman of a most excellent heart, and characteristic benevolence, who, living unmarried, the children of sorrow, as they wandered mournfully in orphan friendliness and distress, found in him a Father. The writer was one of those foster-children, indebted to this regretted friend—under God—for life, and the enjoyment of its remaining blessings. No human pen or tongue could express the vastness of the obligation, which may only be developed in Eternity. He was universally beloved; and of none could it be more truly said, that "he never made an enemy, or lost a friend."

(6) "*Ah, me!—now desolate, and all forlorn,*  
*Alone to tread the blooming walks of earth!*"

The lengthened storm of many years' duration, which burst with overwhelming force on the sudden death of an only, beloved child, during much of which dreary period the flame of life flickered in the

socket, as reason swayed to and fro, and tottered to her base, has passed away—thanks be to the Father of mercies!—it has passed away; and the breaking clouds, between whose fleecy piles is again beheld the calm serene depth of the blue Heaven, beaming with a chastened light, give promise of a peaceful setting. This stanza was originally written in the height of that protracted trouble, when the heart was desolate, and truly all was dark. The change is indeed great, not altogether unlike the turning of the “captivity of Job.”—Home, and its quiet comforts, have been restored,—its staitened bounds enlarged; the wounded heart has been made whole, and more than whole, in the embrace of children dear as the departed cherub; and many, very many blessings supperadded, hitherto unknown. Who hath restored the shattered realm,—bade forth the new creation? Surely none but HIM who is “the Resurrection and the Life!”

(7) *“And lips like two red plums of Santa Fè.”*

The wild plum of the southwest prairies, which, unlike our garden fruit, is of a deep rose color, and of an exquisite flavor.

(8) ————— *“Man is born  
To disappointment, and has ever paid  
More for his toys, than they are fairly worth in trade.”*

The overpayment meant here, consists in the high-wrought anticipations of an unbounded felicity in the possession of a beloved object, which regards the future in the light of romance, and is culpably blind to the real conditions and phases of domestic life.

(9) *“The city throngs with those of noble mien,  
Of winning manner, and polite address.”*

I regret exceedingly that I cannot qualify this assertion, and still more, that the door of every reputable family in our country is not shut

against a class of reprobates who have nothing to recommend them but their exterior, and whose profligacy is only equalled by their heartlessness. Though many of these finished villains are foreign adventurers, with the aspect of men of honor and the urbanity of gentlemen, yet their true character is very different, though frequently so disguised under a show of propriety, as to deceive the innocent and inexperienced. Is not the fact of their presence among us known and undisputed? Are they not frequently the observed of all observers, elbowing all company at fashionable places of resort, sedulously ingratiating themselves with all portions of society, and as public in the streets as the tottling exquisite on the west side of Broadway? Indeed, some may be seen at times assuming a bolder attitude, grouped on the corners, among our own indigenous growth of iniquity,—no less intemperate than precocious in vice,—belching tobacco smoke, profanity and vulgarity, staring virtue out of countenance, and blanching the cheek of innocence with the fiendish glare of the basilisk. I cannot be more particular; but would urge upon my young countrywomen, as they know the danger which surrounds and threatens them, as they value all that life is worth living for, to avoid it,—womanly, but firmly. They have only to turn the back, at all times and in all places; and though this is not the manner in which men commonly face their enemies, it is singularly potent and formidable in ladies, and is a species of tactics which will insure them victory in a contest with this despicable, unmanly class, who are strong only when circumventing weakness, and who bear defeat worse, far worse, than any other.



(10) "*Marriage is sacred, and no human law  
May abrogate the Institute Divine.*"

"Moses," said Christ, rebuking the licentious Pharisees, "because of *the hardness of your hearts*, suffered you to put away your wives, BUT FROM THE BEGINNING IT WAS NOT SO."

The union of one man and one woman in marriage, was ordained by the Creator. This holy state, like the creation of Adam, was peculiarly sanctified in the conceptions of Divine Love, the Deity, as it were, sitting in council upon this beatific manifestation of the Divine Beauty and Goodness to the new-born Earth:—"And the LORD GOD said, *It is not good that the man should be alone : I will make a HELP MEET for him.*" Having formed the woman, GOD *presented* her, a bride, unto the man. The sacred chronicle says,—"*And brought her unto the man:*" a far more intense expression, as intimating the high value of the gift and the sacredness of the rite, so appropriate, in their adaptation to induce and perpetuate moral purity and human felicity, that God himself is represented as *bringing her,—leading her by the hand,—and bestowing her* upon the man, as His crowning blessing. Adam's prophetic response to the hallowed gift, has not wanted its fulfilment from that hour to the present : "Therefore shall a man leave his father, and his mother, and shall cleave unto his wife : AND THEY SHALL BE ONE FLESH."

With all the light of Divine Revelation,—the precepts of truth and virtue, burning more brilliant than the stars of heaven, and strewed in almost infinite beauty and variety over the sacred volume, commending themselves by their excellence and purity to our most earnest attention, our most grateful obedience ; enforced by the experience of ages, and hallowed by the teachings of the INCARNATE GOD,—we, of the Western World, who pride ourselves as the most generally enlightened and upright among the nations, are, it is greatly to be feared, rapidly retrograding to a state of moral turpitude, which can only find its relative parallel feature in the present waste and desolation of the once fertile and prosperous empires of the East. The inviolable character of the



marriage tie is already openly denied and denounced by many, whose only object of worship or pursuit is "the lust of the eye, and the pride of life." Its integrity has been, and still is extensively violated, and the natural respect for its holy state humbled into almost abject contempt, through the servility and iniquity of State Legislation, dissolving by its unrighteous fiat the hallowed bands, as flax is sundered at the touch of fire. Is there no reason to fear, that the Ocean of Licentiousness, having broken through this barrier, will eventually deluge the land with its turbid, resistless billows, overwhelming and obliterating every remaining vestige of Truth and Virtue? There is at least cause for the virtuous of both sexes to take the alarm, in view of the humiliating conviction, that there could not be placed upon the record of history a more deplorable and stubborn proof of the moral and social degeneracy of a people, than the nineteenth century exhibits in the annals of one of the New England States, viz:—That FIVE HUNDRED DIVORCES have been granted by its Legislature and Judiciary, within the *last Five Years!* If my memory, or information, be not at fault, less than forty such separations have been legalized in Virginia since the settlement at Jamestown, a period of Two Hundred and Forty-one years.

(11) "*Death,—and death only,—may dissolve the tie.*"

Of course, there is an exception to be understood,—viz:—infidelity.

(12) "*The warning is well meant toward Youth and Maid,  
For our First Parents' graces seem now scarce.*"

I would invite the attention of the youthful reader to the probable fact, that Adam and Eve lived together in wedlock, and doubtless in all the harmony and felicity of which the married condition is susceptible, for upwards of eight hundred years. Why may not a like grateful result attend a union of threescore years and ten? I believe that it might, could the young be induced,—first, To study each other's charac-

ters and peculiarities, physical, mental, and moral ; their feelings, tastes, tempers, &c., rigidly review and compare each with the other, and calmly measure their mutual fitness for a life companionship ; and secondly, To defer the consummation to a more mature age than is *fashionable* in our day. In a matter of such deep interest, Passion should present her suit at the bar of Judgment, and be guided by its counsels. "Marry in haste, and repent at leisure," is a startling aphorism, warning all, by its terrific truth, not to sacrifice the happiness of a life at the caprice of a moment. All nature teaches a different lesson, and they only are wise, who seek to penetrate her arcanum, and acquaint themselves with her eternal truths. Be judicious, then, both in selecting and accepting ; solemnly impressed with the conviction that the engagement is for life, and that life's weal or woe is bound up in the award. And be sure that your love is *the love of the heart*, only second to the love of Heaven, before you join hands in the indissoluble rite. Be manly, be ingenuous, be TRUE in courtship ; and I counsel the lover to desert his mistress, the maiden to discard her lover, upon *the very first appearance*, on either hand, of meanness or deception. Decision here is as momentous as in the struggle of battle,—victory or defeat, happiness or misery, are depending on the promptness of the action. I have embodied my conception of a courtship which may ultimately secure the utmost felicity of marriage, in the poem "TO FANNY," in this volume, and to which I refer the reader, in the earnest hope that its perusal may induce a compliance with both the mode and the sentiment.



P O E M S .



## ADDRESS TO SPRING.

QUEEN of the verdant glebe and flowery vale,  
The leaf-clad forest and the balmy-gale,—

Where dost thou stray so long?

Queen of the bowers where the young lilacs glow,  
When dewy morn smiles on the meads below,

Where is thy Pan? and hark! where is his song!

Oh, 'tis not heard within this forest glade,—  
He tunes his rural pipe beneath the shade

Where Dian leads her train:

Where foliaged boughs with wreathing woodbine bend,  
And plumaged choirs, in varied chorus blend

Notes of wild melody that mock his strain.

Hope whispers—wistfully, “Not far away:”

Yet trembles, fearful of a long delay

Or e'er thy fauns are seen:

For frowning Winter shows him loth to go,  
And ever and anon, with sleety snow

Obscures thy favorite carpet's teeming green.



Haste, charming Queen, in Eden's pristine bloom,  
Sweet harbinger of love and beauty, come,

On the mild west winds borne :

'Tis time the early lark essays his wings,  
And from his yellow plumes the dew-drop flings,  
To mount the azure sky and wake the morn.

'Tis time the embryo blossom decked the trees  
With honeyed cups, that tempt the humble bees  
Forth to the fragrant vale :

Languish the humming-birds, at early hour,  
To sip the dewy sweets from flower to flower,  
And sport their tuneful pinions on the gale.

O'er hill and dale from morn till noon I stray,—  
From noon till eve still wend the mazy way,  
The leafless trees between :

No purple violet meets my searching eye,  
And where the moss-bound rivulet murmurs by,  
The cowslip—flower of Oberon, is not seen.

Nature—for shame! is naked, charming Queen;  
She sorrows for her robe of velvet green,  
And pinks of varied hue :

Then cast thy mantle round the fair forlorn—  
Let vernal blooms the trembling nymph adorn,  
And wreath her bosom with the pearly dew.

Let tuneful Pan the sylvan boys advance,  
"Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,"  
    To lead their Queen's bright way:  
Again the halcyon days of joy shall be,  
Loved rural walks, and rural minstrelsy,  
    And blooming Spring reward her poet's lay.

## TO FANNY.

DEAR FANNY, while stern Winter spreads  
His frosty mantle o'er the meads,  
    And withers leaf and flower ;  
Enchains with icy bands the streams,  
Haloes the morn in shivering beams,  
    And chills the twilight hour :

While others quit the warmth of home,  
By Dian's frigid lamp to roam,  
    And frolic in the cold ;  
Within the parlor we'll retire,  
The sofa wheel before the fire,  
    And drop the curtain's fold.

At either end reclining free,  
We'll occupy the soft settee,—  
    Thy workstand placed between :  
And pleased with our domain, though small,  
The carpet bright, and papered wall,  
    We'll ask no gayer scene.

While thou th' embroidering needle ply,  
And weave a wreath, which many an eye  
    To Nature might impute ;  
Be mine the task to charm the hour,  
And wake to music's tender power,  
    The soft and mellow flute.

The notes, sweet floating on the air,  
Shall touch the gentlest passions there,  
    And light the bosom's fire ;  
Illumine the eye, the lip perfume,  
Mantle the cheek in damask bloom,  
    And tenderest love inspire.

That rapturous hour which comes to all,  
Restoring more than Eve's sad fall  
    Lost to the new-born earth,  
Shall call each heavenly influence down,  
And with Hope's brightest promise crown  
    Our hearts with more than mirth.

But haste shall not our prospects mar,  
For courtship is the morning star  
    That gilds life's early day ;  
And marriage, thoughtless hurried on,  
Ere each to other well be known,  
    Might prove a thorny way.

We'll spend our evenings as before,  
And trust to tender friendship more  
Than passion's ardent fires ;  
Freely to each our hearts unveil,  
And weigh in candor's equal scale  
Our hopes and our desires.

From books of sentiment refined,  
Which gladden and improve the mind,  
Our knowledge we'll renew ;  
And, from the hallowed page of Truth,  
Inform our inexperienced youth  
The path we should pursue.

Thus, a sweet hope will we secure,  
That our young love may still endure,  
Life's richest heritage ;  
On friendship based for happiness,  
Be fruitful in all earthly bliss,  
And bloom from youth to age.

So, when the Wintry months are o'er,  
And violet Spring arrays once more  
The hills and valleys fair,  
We'll pluck from Time his brightest flower,  
Transplant it to the nuptial bower,  
And seek Contentment there.

## FAIREST MAIDEN, STILL RETREATING.

AIR—*Roy's Wife.*

Fairest maiden, still retreating,  
Fairest maiden, still retreating,  
Turn, O turn thyself again,  
And soothe the heart for thee that's beating,  
Once those eyes met mine with smiles,  
Once those lips with mine were mated :  
Why leave me thus, and break a heart  
To love and Mary consecrated?

Fairest maiden, still retreating,  
Fairest maiden, still retreating,  
Turn, O turn thyself again,  
And soothe the heart for thee that's beating.  
Have I e'er inconstant proved,  
Or wished the rosy bond to sever?  
Why leave me thus, and break a heart  
To love and Mary bound for ever?



Fairest maiden, still retreating,  
Fairest maiden, still retreating,  
Turn, O turn thyself again,  
And soothe the heart for thee that's beating.  
My faith to thee as truth is true,  
My love as pure as thy pure spirit,  
Why leave me thus, and break a heart  
Where truth, and love, and thee inherit?

## PRIZE ADDRESS.

WRITTEN FOR THE FRANKLIN THEATRE, NEW-YORK.

SPOKEN BY MR. CHARLES WEBB, SEPT. 1835.

WHEN Saturn from Olympus' height was driven,  
Dethroned by Jove, who grasped the bolts of heaven ;  
The exiled monarch left his realms subdued,  
And o'er the Italian plains his course pursued—  
Taught the first arts of life, and gave to man  
The plough, the sickle, pruning-hook, and fan.  
Crowned on the hills, his wealth Vertumnus yields—  
Beneath, the valleys wave in golden fields ;  
While eluster, panoplied within the brake,  
The deep blue berry and the purple grape.

Wide o'er the earth the blooming scenes diverge,  
And from chaotic gloom the Arts emerge :  
Commerce expands her white sail to the breeze,  
Ploughs the rough billows of the briny seas,

And, pregnant with the fertile valleys' growth,  
Bears back the treasures of the East and South :  
Then Architecture rears his massy piles,  
Or on the main, or on the sea-girt isles ;  
Temples, and towers, and palaces sublime,  
And Science stoops from heaven to fly with Time.

So, from the skies the Golden Age descends,  
And man with man in social union blends ;  
Refinement yields her ever gentle sway,  
The untamed spirits of the world obey,  
And on Parnassus' Mount—that mount divine,  
Apollo led, descend the sacred Nine :  
In mystic dance the Sisters glide along,  
To measured numbers of immortal song ;  
While Memory calls bright Genius to her train,  
And the Dramatic Queen begins her rein.

Then came the Augustan age—the age of peace,  
Adorned with all the literature of Greece ;  
And while Thalia rears the magic dome  
In classic Athens and imperial Rome,  
She sways her sceptre o'er the generous mind,  
By worth ennobled, and by art refined :  
From Ida's flowery top the Graces bend,  
And in fond Woman all their beauties blend ;  
The sterner sex relax their haughty mien,  
And yield the heart's dominion to its Queen.

Sleeps the fair Drama, through the lengthened night  
Of Gothic darkness, and of Learning's blight,  
When Shakspeare rose—revived the vivid scene,  
And gave its honors to the Virgin Queen :  
O master-spirit of the sea-born Isle,  
May Genius grace this monumental pile,  
Sacred to HIM\* whose fame a world admires,  
Borne on the clouds, and wrapt in forkéd fires !—  
Whose memory dear a grateful country owns,  
Embalmed within the bosom of her sons.

Here Virtue shall reflect her fairest forms,  
In peace, in war, in sunshine, and in storms ;  
Vice—hateful vice—in glaring colors shown,  
Warn the young heart where dangers lurk unknown :  
The inspired Muse each manly bosom fire,  
To rise with honor, and to fame aspire ;  
While Beauty, veiled in modesty and grace,  
Shall feel no blush of shame suffuse her face :—  
So may we flourish, as each welcome Guest  
Approves our varied intellectual feast.

\* Franklin.

## THE BEAUTY OF THE WEST.

THE lark awakes the purple dawn,  
    With carol sweet and gay,  
The blue-bird warbles o'er the lawn,  
    The zephyrs kiss the May ;  
The drooping rose with brilliants glows,  
    Impearled upon its breast,  
And Nature wooes, with flowers and dews,  
    The BEAUTY OF THE WEST.

She wakes, or ere Aurora lays  
    Her torch upon the sky,  
And flies to meet the morning's gaze,  
    That shrinks from her bright eye :  
Those eyes so bright, with living light  
    From Venus' own imprest,  
Which grace but one beneath the sun,—  
    The Beauty of the West.

The flowers unfolding, smile delight,  
    Pan leads the sylvan train,

And turns again retiring night  
To list the thrilling strain :  
The trees in bloom, shower rich perfume  
On wings that never rest,  
While every sweet ascends to meet  
The Beauty of the West.

I marked her as she tripped along,  
In rosy smiles arrayed,  
While ling'ring swelled the matin song  
In homage to the Maid ;  
Each peerless grace which charms our race  
My heart at once confessed,  
And owned her claim to that fair name,—  
The Beauty of the West.

Fair is the blushing rose, which blooms  
Upon the rising day ;  
Sweet is the violet that perfumes  
The damask lip of May :  
But fairer thou, of Parian brow,  
Than is the rose full drest ;  
And sweeter far than violets are,  
The Beauty of the West.

Fond birds, who tune your silver throats  
As morn unveils the scene,  
I wonder not that such sweet notes  
Should welcome Beauty's queen ;



She charms each sight which wakes to light,  
Her look is love's behest;  
And stamped with truth, her artless youth,—  
The Beauty of the West.

Full many a high-born dame, I ween,  
Would yield her costliest pearl,  
For half the charms which grace Love's queen—  
This lowly cottage girl:  
No toilette's art can e'er impart  
What Nature ne'er exprest;  
Peerless she roves through vales and groves—  
The Beauty of the West.

I've wandered far, I've wandered near,  
O'er mountain, vale, and lea;  
Amid the bright, amid the drear,  
Beyond the rolling sea:  
No virgin bands in Orient lands,  
Where'er my footsteps prest,  
Her peer did show in youthful glow,—  
The Beauty of the West.

O could my youth return once more,  
With all its wonted fire,  
I'd range with her the valleys o'er,  
And hallowed love inspire:

Far from the strife of busy life,  
With her supremely blest,  
The gentle dove of hope and love,—  
The Beauty of the West.

Young gallants long shall pine to know  
This charmer of the hours,  
Who smiles in beauty's living glow,  
Sweet as her native flowers :—  
Nor wealth, nor pride, shall claim her bride  
Whom Heaven's charms invest ;  
But WORTH may dare, and win and wear  
The BEAUTY OF THE WEST.

## THE BOWER OF ROSES.

Down in the vale is a sylvan bower,  
Adorned with Nature's fairest flower—  
That flower the Rose, whose colors vie  
With morn and evening's damask sky ;  
And odors, such as angels breathe,  
Circle that bower, and float beneath.

When morn, in heaven's tints arrayed,  
Dispels night's gloomy, sable shade,  
And through the orient portals bright,  
Leads forth Aurora crowned with light,  
Ethereal rays invest that bower,  
And liquid pearls drop from the flower.

Then fair Hebe from heaven descends,  
And to the Bower of Roses wends :  
A humming-bird the goddess veils,  
Soft music floats on fragrant gales,

The flower bends its blushing head,  
Like maiden when to her bridal led,  
While Hebe, with her lips of love,  
Sips nectar for Olympian Jove.

Down in the vale is a sylvan bower,  
Adorned with Nature's fairest flower—  
That flower, the Rose, whose colors vie  
With morn and evening's damask sky;  
And odors, such as angels breathe,  
Circle that bower, and float beneath.

## SATURDAY NIGHT AT SEA.

WHILE the shores of our country recede from our view,  
And the breeze wafts the tall ship the blue billows through,  
As oft as the sun dips the circle we see,  
We'll remember the land of the brave and the free.

Where'er we are wafted, the wide waters o'er,  
Fond memory turns to our own native shore ;  
There is life on her mountain tops, health in her gales,  
And plenty luxuriates over her vales.

The flowers of her Vernal months ne'er were excelled,  
And the fruits of her Autumn the South cannot yield ;  
Their beauty, their fragrance, their freshness, outvie  
That which ripens or blooms 'neath a tropical sky.

The Graces, so famed by the poets of old,  
Blush here like the flowers which the seasons unfold,  
As, clasped in chaste Dian the Huntress's vest,  
With Columbus they passed from the East to the West.

While Time changes all things, as constant he flies,  
And new lands are peopled, new empires arise,  
Round the girls of the West the bright mantle they furl'd,  
And Grace, Love, and Beauty adorned the New World.

We will love them while mounting the billows afar,  
And more, when the tempests and waters make war;  
Though we fly them awhile, on the wings of the wind,  
Our hearts, as a pledge, we have left them behind.

Then pass round the can, and re-echo the strain;  
This night we will pledge them again and again:  
With our hearts warm with truth, send the sentiment round,  
*To our Sweethearts and Wives on our own native ground.*

## THE SAILOR TO HIS BRIDE.

WHILE sailing o'er the tropic sea,  
When curtains night the ocean's bed,  
My fondest memory waits on thee,  
With whose warm heart mine own is wed :  
Peace to my love—peace be thy pillow :  
While I keep watch upon the deep,  
My thoughts fly o'er the crested billow,  
And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

Propitious gales the canvas swell,  
The ship ploughs on her homeward way,  
As, by some unseen magic spell,  
She tosses off the briny spray :  
The blue, bespangled skies are o'er me,  
Beneath, the faithless billows sweep ;  
But hope and love are both before me,  
And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.



The stars bend down their brows of light,  
To bathe their tresses in the sea,  
And through the watches of the night  
I gaze on one, and think of thee :  
That polar star shall guide me to thee,  
Safe o'er the desert, boisterous deep ;  
While each fond thought still flies to woo thee,  
And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

The favoring gale we drive before,  
With stu'n'sails set, below, aloft ;  
And cheerly near the wished-for shore,  
That shore beloved, and trod so oft :  
One thought alone my breast encumbers—  
I send it flying o'er the deep,  
To wait upon thy gentle slumbers,  
And kiss thee in the hour of sleep.

“ Land ho ! ”—the fore-yard look-out hails—  
The joyous cry greets every ear ;  
“ Aloft, take in the lighter sails,  
And under courses slowly steer : ”  
I breathe the fragrance of the blossom,  
The land's perfume is on the deep ;  
And my fond heart leaps from my bosom,  
To wake my love from balmy sleep.

Brace round the yards, and bear away,  
The light is on the weather bow ;

We'll haul our wind at break of day,  
And gayly steer the Narrows through :  
Then sweetly rest—peace be thy pillow,  
Till morning kiss the hoary deep ;  
When Love shall pass the last rude billow,  
And snatch thee from the arms of sleep.

## O, GIVE ME BACK MY RUGGED HOME.

O, give me back my rugged home,  
The moss-clad rocks, the crispy rills,  
The honeysuckle's vernal bloom,  
The birchen-wood and pine-clad hills:—  
The little meadow smiling there  
In verdure, tipped with morning dew,  
Where glows the golden lily fair,  
And wakes the violet's eye of blue.

There is a charm—a brighter charm—  
That calls the wearied spirit home,  
Than ever did these valleys warm,  
To tempt my careless feet to roam:  
Their smoothness pains the eye to see—  
Their very blooms my senses pall;  
The rude rough glen, the birchen tree,  
The honeysuckle's worth them all.

Though fair the gay magnolia tower  
In all the pomp of southern bloom,

The locust me doth pleasure more,  
Whose snowy blossoms breathe perfume  
O'er the young rills, that rippling flow,  
Soft as the sedge-crowned Naiad's song,  
But when the hills stream down below,  
They leap, they whirl, they foam along.

O, there is music in the deep  
Toned melody of foaming rill,  
High o'er whose bed the craggy steep  
Nods its green plumes of hemlock still :  
While on its banks the ivy grows,  
And climbs along the rocky wall,  
Beside whose base the brier-rose  
Smiles on each little grassy knoll.

Smoothly thy silver waters glide,  
Ohio, through a verdant vale :  
But I love not the sleeping tide,  
Which never wakes to meet the gale :  
Thy banks are tame—artistic bloom  
Hath made the forest glories less :  
Our Housatonic's still in gloom,  
And riots in his native dress ;

Not such a gloom as darkly lowers,  
When night descends on ebon wing,  
But such as veils the highland bowers,  
At noontide in the genial Spring :

And there the scarlet juniper  
The vine-wreathed precipice bends o'er,  
With cedar, spruce, and pine, and fir,  
To canopy the river's roar.

Adown yon dell, where the sweet fern  
Perfumes the flying Summer breeze,  
Which, musical, at every turn  
Rustles among the aspen trees ;  
Oft was I wont to wend along,  
And gather black-caps all the way,  
Still humming some unmeaning song,  
Till twilight kissed departing day.

Then give me back my rugged home,  
The moss-clad rocks, the crispy rills,  
The honeysuckle's vernal bloom,  
The birchen-wood, and pine-clad hills :—  
The little meadow smiling there  
In verdure, tipped with morning dew,  
Where glows the golden lily fair,  
And wakes the violet's eye of blue.

## THE ROSE OF THE WEST.

AIR—*Jessie.*

AURORA is waking upon the glad mountains,  
In purple and gold the blue Orient glows,  
As her glance tips with brightness lakes, rivers and fountains,  
And shimmers the dew-drop impearled on the rose :  
Blithe Pan, tuneful Pan, leads the voice of the morning,  
Sweet Echo replies from her quiet unrest,  
While the Loves and the Graces unite in adorning  
The young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

O fair is the landscape, when morn is unveiling  
The hills clad in verdure, the dell and the grove,  
The valleys where thousand perfumes are exhaling  
From trees smiling beauty, and flowers blushing love :  
But fairer than verdure, gay flower, or sweet blossom,  
The grove, or the dell with its light-waving crest,  
Are the charms which expand o'er the warm, gentle bosom  
Of the young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

And sweet are the honeyed cups on the trees glowing,  
Where the tuneful-winged humming-bird poises, and sips  
The dew-dropping nectar, or pendent or flowing,  
From May's vernal clusters, or Flora's bright lips :  
And sweet is the breath of young Zephyr, the rover,  
Up-sprung from the couch where the violets rest,  
But sweeter and dearer the shrine of the lover,  
The young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.

Let me wake with the lark, when earth tenderly blooming,  
Smiles up to the kiss of the amorous morn ;  
When verdure, and blossom, and flower are perfuming  
The clime which their beauty and freshness adorn :  
Let me wake, while the nabob lies curtained in splendor,  
On the down of the cygnet—unconscious, unblest,  
And speed on Love's pinions, my homage to render .  
The young queen of beauty—the Rose of the West.



## HARRIET REDDING.

WHEN Spring, delightful Spring,  
Mantles in green earth's bosom,  
Around her she doth fling  
Her bright unsullied blossom :  
Her vernal air, around this Fair,  
She breathes from budding roses,  
And in each bright blue eye of light,  
Her violet incloses :  
To grace a fairer Flower,  
Upon her greensward treading,  
The Houri of her bower—  
The blooming HARRIET REDDING.

O I can ne'er forget  
The many—many places,  
Where I've so often met  
This compeer of the Graces :  
Her morning air, around this Fair,  
Spring breathes from dewy roses,

And in each bright blue eye of light.

Her violet discloses :

When opening on the morn,

Those eyes of dewy brightness

Nature's fair brow adorn

With Beauty's living likeness.

She's like the early flower,

Which opens in the wildwood,

Beneath young April's shower,

Pure as her budding childhood :

Her noontide air, around this Fair,

Spring breathes from blushing roses,

And in each bright blue eye of light,

Her violet composes :

While o'er her dimpled cheek,

Life's crimson tint is spreading,

And tulip lips bespeak

The blooming HARRIET REDDING.

O I remember well

The flowery dell romantic,

Where Love met this young Belle,

And in the gaze grew frantic :

Her evening air, around this Fair,

Spring breathes from sleeping roses,

And in each bright blue eye of light,

Her violet reposes :

Love, trembling, bent his bow,  
But ere the shaft was flying,  
A glance had laid him low,  
And conquered—Love was dying.

Sweet blossom of the earth,  
O be thou happy ever,  
And with thy beauty, worth  
Go hand in hand together:  
Life's vernal air, around this Fair,  
A smiling Heaven disposes,  
Her only dower, fair Virtue's flower—  
The whitest of her roses:  
And when five Summers more  
Have ripened all the woman,  
Should Love again implore,  
Forget not he is human.

## FINALE.

Then should some youth of noble mien  
Seek one to grace his wedding,  
Be thou, fair maid, the Bridal Queen,—  
The blooming HARRIET REDDING.

## FORGET-ME-NOT.

As erst I wandered, lone, in sadness,  
Still bending toward the glowing West,  
And smiling Nature, breathing gladness,  
In Summer's verdant robe was drest ;  
While thought reverted back to childhood,  
And memory traced each well-known spot,  
I paused a sudden, in the wildwood,  
To mark the flower—"Forget-me-not."

'Twas strange, within the forest shadows  
To meet a pink of so much fame,  
Whose place, methought, should be the meadows,  
Where first the Nymphs invoked its name :—  
Yet sure the gentle flower was planted  
To charm some wanderer's eye, I wot,  
As on its petals slept, enchanted,  
The hallowed wish—"Forget me not."

There is a love which burns in sorrow,  
And glows the warmer in regret,—  
A love which hath no hopeful morrow,  
Till Time's beclouded sun hath set :  
The memory of the dear departed,  
For ever hovering in the thought,  
Still smiling on the broken-hearted,  
And whispering still—"Forget me not."

That grief which chains the soul its mourner,  
Fell o'er my cheek, in gushing tears,—  
That grief, my fellow-fast sojourner,  
Thro' days, and weeks, and months, and years !  
My strength, my pride, my hope—my darling !  
My angel Boy, was—and is not !  
And bent I there, in childless yearning,  
Upon the lone—"Forget-me-not."

The little prattler Heaven transplanted,  
Kiss me, I said, before he went ;  
He heard,—for that the Cherub panted,  
And toward my lips his own he bent :—  
He could not speak, for he was dying,  
But with a look, of love begot, .  
His eye, imploringly replying,  
Did seem to say—"Forget me not."

Forget thee, WILLIAM ! Ah, no, never !—  
My heart shall nurse thy memory,

Until the breaking strings dissever,  
And my freed spirit flies to thee!—  
Thus, while I mourn, in sorrow driven,  
With penury and pain my lot,  
Bend down on thy lone sire from Heaven,  
And, child beloved—"Forget me not."

What mournful vigils doth he number,  
Whose hearth is cold, whose heart is blight!  
Ah, who for him shall watch that slumber,  
Wherein he bids the world good night!  
Yet calm, resigned, he might surrender,  
Did that dear one bend o'er the cot,  
To whom the passing soul could render,  
"Friend of my heart, 'Forget me not.'"

When my last moments Time is stealing,  
When Death's dark film is on mine eyes,  
And Nature's change about revealing,  
Which rends the veil in dread surprise!  
O then, for hope of Heaven's salvation,  
Thou, who my being didst allot,  
Look on this form of Thy creation,  
And, KING OF KINGS—"Forget me not."

## SONG.

THE wretch who toils beneath the Line,  
To catch the diamond's sparkling ray,  
May bear that bright gem from the mine,  
Which frees him to the upper day :  
His head is crowned  
With garlands round,  
Soft music wakes its melody,  
In tears he smiles,  
Forgets his toils,  
And lives redeemed from slavery.

But me no ray of hope attends,  
To light the abyss of dark despair ;  
The jewel which my fate unbends,  
Lies hid in deeper darkness there :  
Nor wealth, nor fame,  
Nor gallant name,  
My radiant morn of manhood greet ;  
The slave of Love,  
Love's slave I rove,  
Or sigh enchained at Beauty's feet.



## STANZAS.

WHEN absent from thee, all is lonely,  
And happiness is lost in pain ;  
Or, if it cheers my heart, 'tis only  
The hope of meeting thee again :  
The balmy grove, the bubbling fountain,  
The bright parterre, with Flora gay,  
The lilled vale, the laurelled mountain,  
Lose every charm if thou'rt away.

But when, beneath the lamps of Heaven,  
I meet thee in Love's thrilling power,  
To night's dark scenery is given  
The charm of morning's rosy hour ;  
And when the silver Queen of even,  
Tells parting in the western skies,  
" Good night"—is like from Eden driven,  
And Eve, too, lost with Paradise.

## THE GREEN, GREENWOOD.

THROUGH the Green, Greenwood I love to roam,  
When Aurora's smile invests the earth,—  
The Green, Greenwood is then my home,  
Far from the revelry of mirth :  
I love to see the tall beech-tree,  
Waving to every passing breeze,  
And lay my head on the mossy bed,  
Beneath the shade of the tulip-trees.

The Green, Greenwood is dark to view,  
When twilight dims the foliage bright,  
But the stars are peering the branches through,  
And the forest is tinged with pearly light :  
And here do I taste those raptures chaste,  
Which voluptuous Halls can never give,—  
By the moonlight rove the fragrant grove,  
And feel how happy it is to live.

The Green, Greenwood is tall and fair,  
Fairer than vale in flowers arrayed ;

Rustled by every breath of air,  
Cooling the bland and welcome shade :  
And here the mind may always find  
Relief from the sting of misery ;  
Fondly embrace a resting place,  
And, freed from the world, itself be free.

The Green, Greenwood is Nature's pride,  
In the forest she reigns supremely Queen ;  
Her empire stretches far and wide,  
Where the touch of Refinement is not seen :  
And the scenery—so wild and free,  
Can never be equalled by earthly power :  
No array of Art, can e'er impart  
The beauty of her umbrageous bower.

In the Green, Greenwood the vines ascend  
Round the trunk of many a spacious tree,  
And clusters of luscious Grapes depend  
In purple and azure drapery :  
'Tis Nature's feast, by Nature drest,  
Which she yields to me, as I recline  
Beneath the shade, by their foliage made,  
And commune with her in rosy wine.

Through the Green, Greenwood there flows along,  
A crystal stream of purity,  
By whose flowery banks the Son of Song  
May breathe in secluded liberty :

Where Nature gives to all that lives,  
Freedom to taste her pleasures there ;  
Nor me alone, but all who own  
That Art can never with her compare.

Through the Green, Greenwood may I then stray,  
Where trees, and vines, and flowers are seen ;  
Where the rivulets glide, and the zephyrs play,  
And Nature herself is solely Queen :  
There may I find that peace of mind,  
Which the venal world cannot destroy ;  
There woo the Nine, in truth divine,  
While Fancy furnishes rich employ.

Perchance, when my day of life is past,  
Some friend of the Muses here may tread,  
Round the Green, Greenwood his glances cast,  
To spy the lowly poet's bed :  
Remove me not from the once loved spot,  
But grave on the green beech-tree my name ;  
Nor judge me hard—a humble bard,  
Who sought not wealth, but sighed for fame.

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